

# BOY

CARL MAY, JR.

## COMICS

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS





[illegible]



# A MESSAGE ESPECIALLY for YOU!!

We the undersigned, the publisher, the editors and leading characters of illustrated, satirizing, comic magazines appeal to you—urgently.

The paper shortage is gravely acute. Paper and paper products such as cardboard are among the most essential parts of our armed forces. We have all done a lot to help the shortage. Newspapers and magazines have cut down the use of paper enormously—that is, the *newspapers* have given more than this. People are taking bundles unwrapped from stores.

Everyone is salvaging waste paper. Readers of our magazines alone have salvaged several million pounds! But anything we have done in the past is not enough. We must salvage a lot more paper at once without a moment's delay. We are urging you to get busy today. Gather up and turn in every scrap of paper you can lay your hands on. Get your friends to help. In your town there are plenty of agencies waiting for the paper. Turn it in at once.

If you read this, some fellow is storming an enemy pillbox single-handed. Do your part by storming the paper front, single-handed if necessary. It is your war job today.

Let nothing stand in the way—act now!

Leo Gleason  
publisher

editors Charles Busch and Fred.

Donnerstag, 14. September 1945  
Friedrich, 14. September 1945  
Dinner, 14. September 1945  
Lunch, 14. September 1945

## STATEMENT OF THE OFFENSIVE MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, FINANCIAL, BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1943, AND MARCH 4, 1944.

Of the Company, published in the City of New York, New York, on the 14th day of August, 1944.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bella Kimmelfeld, who, being duly sworn according to law, depose and say that she is the Business Manager of the Boy Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and of a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication, as required by the Act of August 14, 1943, as amended by the Act of March 4, 1944, embodied in section 107, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Magazine House, 114 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., Editor, Charles Busch, 114 E. 42nd

St., New York, N. Y., Managing Editor, 114 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Business Manager, Bella Kimmelfeld, 114 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is all owned by a corporation, the name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If now owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. It comes to a firm (company) or other organization, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. (Insert in telephone directory, Page 14, Chicago, N. Y., Bella Kimmelfeld, 114 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.)

3. That the known beneficiaries, managers, and other persons holding or owning 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are all there are none so state. None.

4. That the two publications are being given the names of the known stockholders and security holders, if any, stating not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder

appears upon the books of the company in favor of its other adverse relations, the name of the person or corporation for whom such shares are being given, also that the last two paragraphs contain statements embracing officer's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as owners, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and the officer has no reason to believe that the other listed beneficiaries of corporation has any interest in or control of the said stock, bonds or other securities that is so stated by her.

5. That the entire number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid or unpaid, during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 100,000. (This statement is required from daily publications only.)

Witness my hand and the seal of the Notary Public in and for the County of New York, this 14th day of September, 1944.

Notary Public, HEEMAN PERRY.  
(My commission expires March 10, 1945.)

# CRIMEBUSTER

by  
Charles  
Biko



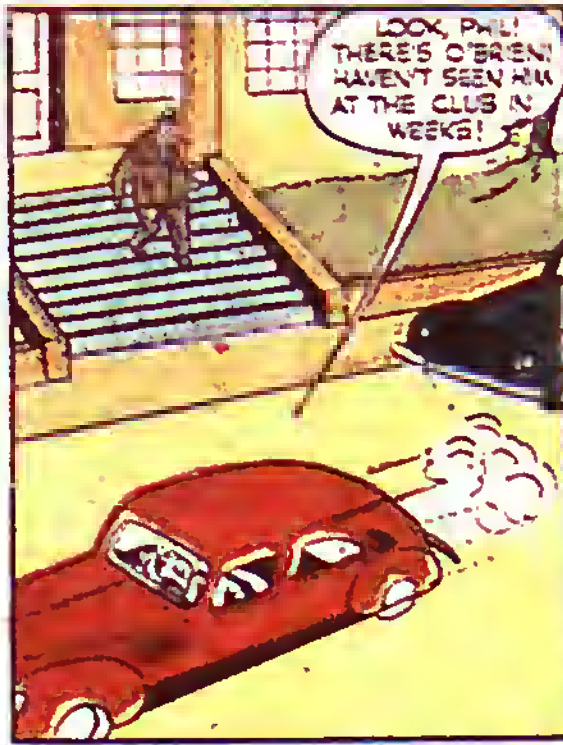
THE PROVERB, 'A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET' IS TRUE BUT SO WOULD CRIME BY ANY OTHER NAME BE UNAMERICAN - HATEFUL, UNSPORTSMANLIKE. IN CRIMEBUSTER IS SYMBOLIZED THE HOPES AND WISHES OF ALL TRUE AMERICAN BOYS TO ERASE CRIME IN ALL ITS UGLY AND HATEFUL FORMS FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! CRIMEBUSTER IS ALL THAT HIS NAME IMPLIES AS YOU WILL SEE IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES OF THIS DOCUMENT TO HIS DARING.





SUPPOSING WE HAD A CRIME WAVE! THEN WHERE WOULD WE BE?







WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY  
AND CHANGE! THAT YOUNG  
ARCHITECT, BILL DIXON, IS  
COMING FOR DINNER!  
HAVE TO TALK OVER  
SOME POST-WAR  
BUILDING!



THAT SAYS NO  
THANKS! I'LL EAT  
OUT! I SIMPLY  
REFUSE TO LISTEN  
TO HIS STUPID  
CHATTER!

LATER...  
HELLO, OBREN.  
SAY! WHAT'S  
WRONG? YOU  
LOOK  
UPSET!



GOOD EVENING,  
BILL! OH, WELL,  
FRANKLY I AM  
A LITTLE UPSET  
ABOUT MY  
DAUGHTER!



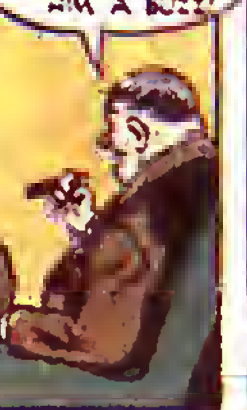
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL!  
GAIL USED TO BE A SWEET KID!  
NOW SHE'S A HOLY TERROR! NO  
MATTER HOW NICE PEOPLE ARE  
TO HER, SHE KICKS 'EM  
AROUND! IT BEATS  
ME!



MAYBE A GOOD  
PSYCHIATRIST IS THE  
ANSWER! A FRIEND  
OF MINE HAS  
HANDLED SIMILAR  
CASES AND I BET  
HE COULD  
STRAIGHTEN  
HER OUT!



HEY, MAYBE  
YOU'VE GOT  
SOMETHING  
THERE! YOU  
REALLY THINK HE  
COULD? WELL, HAVE  
TO BE CASEY ABOUT  
IT, THOUGH! GIVE  
HIM A BUZZ!



YOU'LL DO IT!  
ATTABOY! UN-HEH-  
YOU'LL MEET 'EM AT  
THE COUNTRY CLUB  
TOMORROW FOR GOLF?  
GOOD! LOOK, HOW'LL  
THEY RECOGNIZE  
YOU?



IT'S ALL SETTLED!  
DR. MARTIN WILL BE  
SPORTING A ROSE IN  
HIS BUTTONHOLE AND  
A POLKA DOT  
SCARF! YOU CAN'T  
MISS HIM!



BILL, YOU'RE  
A PAL! I'D BETTER  
TELL GAIL HE'S  
AN OLD LONG-  
LOST FRIEND!



SO LIKE I SAY YOU'RE  
DON'T A GOOD LIQUOR  
BUSINESS HERE AT DA  
CLUB! SO FROM NOW  
ON YOU'RE PAYIN' FIVE  
SPARKERS EXTRA  
A CASE PAL!



WHAT? WHY YOU  
CHEAP TIN HORN THUG  
I'VE BEEN PAYIN' YOU  
PLENTY FOR THAT STUFF  
ALREADY AND YOU  
KNOW IT!



TAKE IT EASY, CHUM!  
YOU AIN'T SO PURE  
YOURSELF-BUYIN'  
LIQUOR ILLEGALLY!  
YOU KNOW YOU  
CAN'T GET DA  
SAME QUANTITY  
NO PLACE  
\$6.65.



I WON'T  
BUY ANOTHER  
BOTTLE FROM  
YOU IF I HAVE  
TO CLOSE UP  
THE BAR! GO ON  
DELLA! GET  
OUT OF MY  
CLUB!!





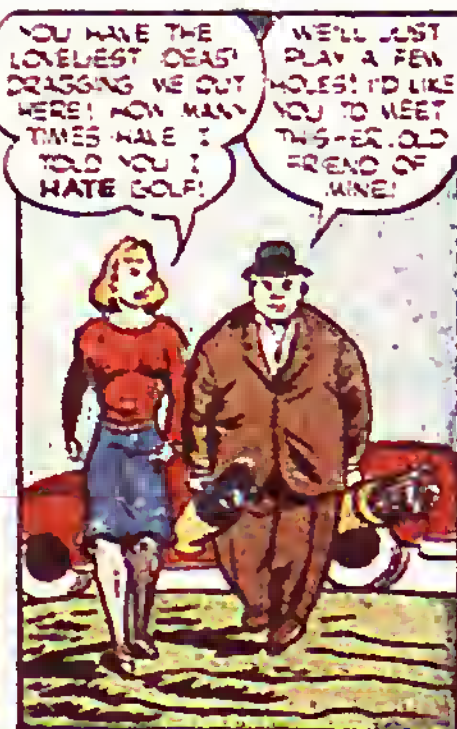


WHY YOU DIRTY  
DOUBLE-CROSSIN'!

GET OUT, I  
SAID OR DO YOU  
WANT ME TO  
BUZZ FOR.



THAT CHEAP GOLF! I'LL  
GET HIM FER DS, OR MY  
NAME AN'T  
STEVE DRILL!



YOU HAVE THE  
LOVELIEST DEAS!  
DRAGGING ME OUT  
HERE! HOW MANY  
TIMES HAVE I  
TOLD YOU I  
HATE GOLF!

WE'LL JUST  
PLAY A FEW  
HOLES! I'D LIKE  
YOU TO MEET  
THIS-ER, OLD  
FRIEND OF MINE!



THERE HE IS  
NOW! WAIT  
A MINUTE,  
MY BOY!

?



PUFF! PUFF!  
GORY! WE'RE A  
BIT LATE! GUESS  
YOU THOUGHT  
WE WEREN'T  
COMING!

G'WAN, FATTY, YOU  
MUST BE CRAZ...  
WOW! ER... YOU  
MUST BE CAREFUL  
RUNNIN' LIKE  
THAT!



YEAH, YEAH!! I  
THOUGHT YAD NEVER  
GET HERE! AND WHO'S  
THIS WIT' ME? HOW'S  
ABOUT AN  
INTRODUCTION?



OH BY ALL MEANS-  
UM DR. MARTIN  
THIS IS MY  
DAUGHTER, GAIL!

MYA,  
REDHEAD!

WHY WHY,  
HOW DO YOU  
DO, DOCTOR!

BOY!  
WHAT  
EYES!



WELL NOW  
ABOUT OUR GOLF  
GAME, DOCTOR? GOT  
YOUR GLASS WITH  
YOU?

ER...  
GOLF?



OH GOLF! NAW, DON'T  
MAKE ME LAUGH! I  
WOULDN'T PLAY DS  
LOUSY COURSE FOR  
A MILLION BUCKS!  
SUPPOSIN' I TAKE  
RED HERE FOR  
A SPIN!

OH SURE!  
FINE!!

THAT'S THE  
STUFF, DOCTOR!  
SHE'S EATING  
UP THAT TOUGH  
GUY ACT! KEEP IT UP!





SO LONG FOR NOW!  
WE'LL EXPECT YOU  
FOR DINNER  
TONIGHT, OLD  
BOY!

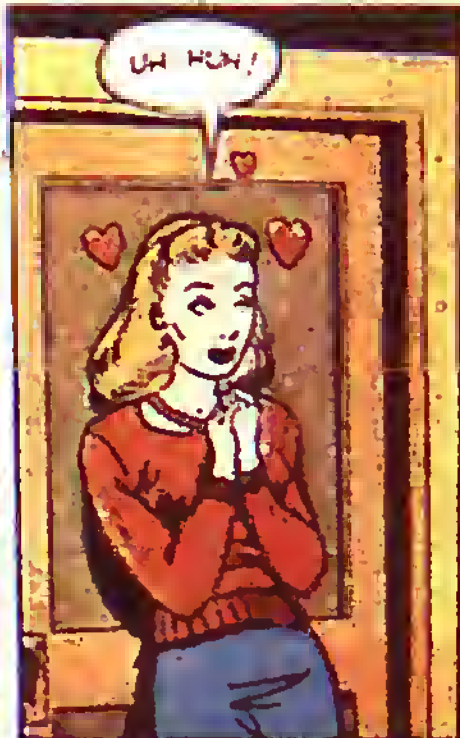
TANKS. C'MON, RED-  
HEAD, WE'RE GOIN'  
PLACES!

PRETTY  
SURE OF YOUR-  
SELF AREN'T YOU?  
DO YOU ALWAYS  
GET WHAT YOU  
WANT?

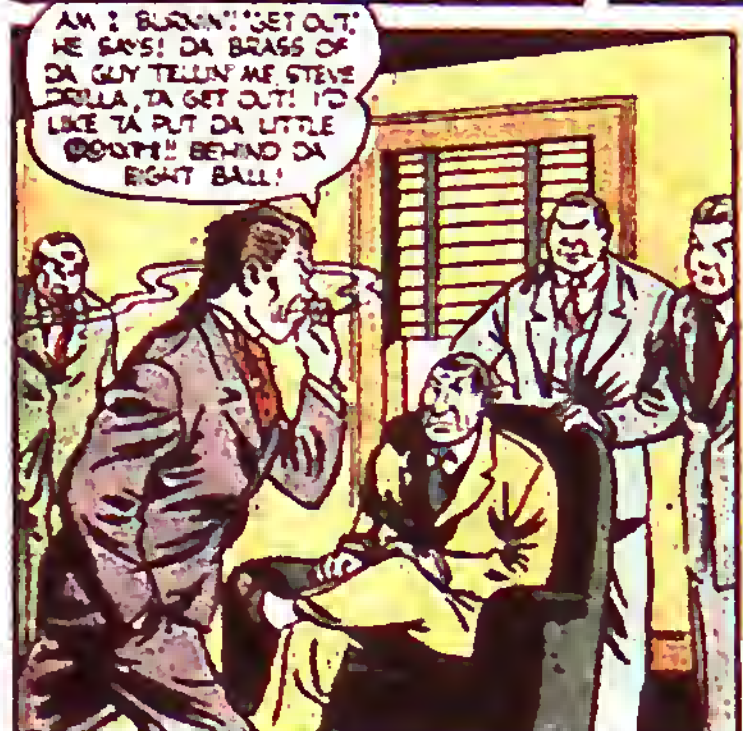


SHE'S BEEN GONE  
SOME TIME! WONDER  
IF THE DOCTOR'S  
MAKING ANY  
HEADWAY?

IS THAT  
YOU, GAIL?  
HAVE A GOOD  
TIME,  
DEAR?



UH HUH!



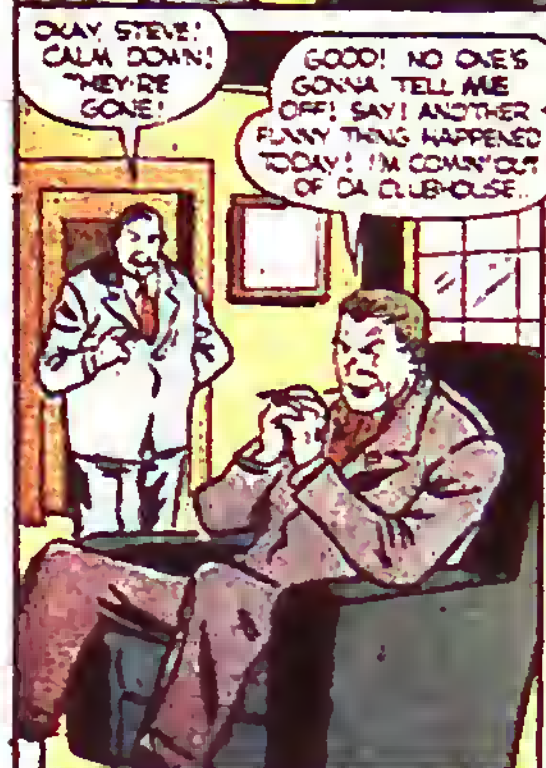
AM I BURNIN'! GET OUT!  
HE SAYS! DA BRASS OF  
DA GUY TELLIN ME STEVE  
DRILLA, TA GET OUT! I'D  
LIKE TA PUT DA LITTLE  
BOOTH!! BEHIND DA  
EIGHT BALL!



BUCK UP AGAINST DRILLA,  
DOES HE? I'LL SHOW 'M!  
DICK! BUGGIE! GO  
TAKE CARE OF  
HIM!



EIGHT BALL, HUH? LISTEN!  
AFTER YA KNOCK 'M OFF  
DRAG 'M OUT TO HIS  
LOUSY COURSE AN' HANG  
'M UP ON DA FLAG AT  
DA EIGHTH GREEN!  
UNDERSTAND?  
GET GOIN'!



OKAY STEVE!  
CALM DOWN!  
THEY'RE  
GONE!

GOOD! NO ONE'S  
GONNA TELL ME  
OFF! SAY! ANOTHER  
FUNNY THING HAPPENED  
TODAY! I'M COMIN' OUT  
OF DA CLUBHOUSE...



SOME FAT GUY  
RULS UP. HE THINKS  
I'M A FRIEND OF HIS.  
HE PRACTICALLY  
THROWS HIS DAUGHTER  
AT ME! SO I SPEND  
DA WHOLE AFTER-  
NOON WID DIS  
DOLL! WHAT  
A SABE!



DO YOU GET  
THE BREAKS,  
STEVE! WHO  
WAS SHE?

I DON'T KNOW!  
O'TOOLE. NAW!  
O'BRIEN! YEAH!  
YEAH, DATS IT-  
GAIL  
O'BRIEN!

O'BRIEN??  
FER PETE SAKE,  
HE'S DA PRESIDENT  
OF DA CITY COUNCIL.  
NO LESS!





COUNCIL PRESIDENT?

SURE! A REAL BIGGIE! PLENTY OF POTATOES, TOO!



IS DAT SO COUNCIL PRESIDENT, HUH? NOT A BAD GUY TO KNOW! KMMM... MAYBE I'LL KEEP DAT DINNER DATE!



WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING, SIR?

BEAT IT, FLUNKY! HIYA, O'BRIEN! WHERE'S RED?



STILL UPSTAIRS DRESSING, DOCTOR! QUICK! COME INTO THE LIBRARY BEFORE SHE COMES DOWN!



TELL ME, HOW DO YOU, OH, MAY I OFFER YOU A DRINK?

DON'T CARE IF I DO! WHAT DID YA WANTA SAY, BIGSHOT?



ABOUT GAIL! HOW DO YOU MAKE OUT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?

WRONG? NUTTIN' WRONG FROM WHERE I SIT! SHE'S TERRIFIC! HERE SHE COMES!



HELLO, HANDSOME! AW, AM, MUSTN'T STARE!

GOOD HEAVENS! SHE HAS CHANGED!



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF! WHAT DO YOU DO?

ME! I'M A BIGSHOT! WHEN I GIVE ORDERS GUYS TAKE 'EM OR ELSE! NATCHERLY IN DESE DAYS I GOTTA KEEP MY BUSINESS A SECRET!



WHAT A FEED! HOW ABOUT HITTIN' A FEW HOT NIGHT SPOTS?

WELL, YOU'RE THE BOSS, AREN'T YOU?

SWELL! GET YER HAT!



I'M A LITTLE SHORT OF DOUGH, SUGARPOOT! HOLD EVERYTHING WHILE I HOP UP TO DA JOINT FER A MINUTE!

I'LL COME UP TOO! WANT TO SEE IF MY FACE IS ON STRAIGHT!





ALL SET BABY?  
CHUCK WARD UP  
WILL YAP WE GOT  
PLACES TO GO TO  
REMEMBER?

UM HMM!  
BE THERE  
IN A  
JIFFY!



HEY, DRILLA!  
DID WE DO A  
CLEAN JOB!  
HOT DOG!

BOSS, WE DUMPED  
DAT PUNK SO FULL  
OF DEAD, HE'D MAKE  
A FIRST CLASS  
STATUE!

BUGSIE!



THE POOR SAP  
NEVER KNEW WHAT  
HIT HIM! YA SHOULD  
SEEN IT, STEVE!

WE HALLED HIM  
OUT TO DA GOLF  
COURSE AN' KUNG  
KIM LIKE YOU  
SAID!

OH!



GET AWAY FROM  
ME! YOU'RE A  
MURDERER!!

SORRY YOU  
HEARD THAT, RED.  
SORRY FOR  
YOU!



NEXT MORNING  
AT THE O'BRIEN  
HOME...

I CAN'T GET OVER  
HOW GAIL HAS CHANGED.  
WHAT'S ALL THAT  
RACKET?

MR. O'BRIEN!  
MR. O'BRIEN!



YES GAIL  
WENT IN HER  
BEDROOM.

STRANGE THAT  
SHE SHOULD GO  
OUT SO EARLY!  
DO SHE LEAVE  
A NOTE?



NO, SIR! SOMETHING  
MUST HAVE HAPPENED  
TO HER! HER BED  
HASN'T BEEN  
SLEPT IN!

WHAT?



HELLO!! DIXON!!  
WHAT KIND OF A  
PSYCHIATRIST IS THIS  
FELLOW ANYWAY? HE  
TOOK GAIL OUT LAST  
NIGHT AND SHE'S  
NOT HOME YET!  
IT'S AN OUTRAGE!





WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM, ANYWAY? HAS HE GOT REFERENCES? HE'D BETTER HAVE A DARN GOOD EXPLANATION!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, REFERENCES? HE'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS, O'BRIEN! WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER!



BESIDES, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE WAS WITH ME ALL LAST EVENING AND HE TOLD ME YOU STOOD HIM UP AT THE GOLF COURSE YESTERDAY!

I.E. SEE. THANKS! G-GOOD-BYE, BILL!



HELLO! GET ME THE POLICE!



THIS IS THE MOST BRUTAL MURDER I'VE EVER SEEN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CHIEF?

IT'S ALL A GREAT BIG HORRIBLE DREAM, CRIME-BUSTER! NOBODY COMMITS CRIMES IN FAIRVIEW! J.G. O'BRIEN SAID SO!

HEY, CHIEF! THE GARDENER HAS A STATEMENT TO MAKE!



I WAS WORKING IN THE GARDEN RIGHT OUTSIDE MR. DAVIS' OFFICE YESTERDAY! HE WAS HAVIN' AN AWFUL ARGUMENT WITH SOMEBODY! MR. DALY SOUNDED REAL MAD, TOO!

DID YOU RECOGNIZE THE OTHER VOICE AT ALL?



NO, BUT I HEARD MR. DALY SAY THE PRICE WAS TOO HIGH AND TO GO PEDDLE IT TO SOME OTHER SUCKER! THEN HE SAID TO GET OUT!

CHIEF!! YOU'RE WANTED ON THE CLUB TELEPHONE!

O.K. BROGAN!



HELLO! YEE, CHIEF ATKINS' SPEAKING!

ATKINS!! THIS IS J.G. O'BRIEN! MY DAUGHTERS MISSING! SHE DON'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT! GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER!!



OH, IS THAT SO! WELL THAT'S JUST TOO BAD! IF SO HAPPENS O'BRIEN, THAT THE MANAGER OF THE COUNTRY CLUB HAS BEEN FOUND MURDERED AND I'M GOING TO NEED ALL SIX MEN YOU SO KINDLY LEFT ON THE FORCE TO CLEAR IT UP!





GO ROLL YOUR HOOD O'BRIEN! ITS YOUR OWN FAULT FOR CUTTING THE FORCE! YOUR DAUGHTER WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT GUY, CRIMEBUSTER? YESTERDAY HE WAS SQUAWKING BECAUSE THE FORCE WAS TOO BG! TODAY, HE YELLS FOR COPS AND...NOW WHERE DO THAT KID GO?



YOU'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, MR. O'BRIEN! TRY TO THINK BACK AND TELL ME ALL THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO YOUR DAUGHTER'S DISAPPEARANCE!

I'LL TRY, CRIMEBUSTER! ONLY YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER! SHE'S ALL I'VE GOT IN THE WORLD! YOU SEE...SHE HASN'T BEEN HERSELF LATELY! A FRIEND SUGGESTED A PSYCHIATRIST.



WHEN HE CAME TO THE HOUSE FOR DINNER! I THOUGHT IT STRANGE THAT EVEN IN TALKING TO ME HE SPOKE LIKE...LIKE A GANGSTER! BUT I DON'T SUSPECT ANYTHING! GAIL SEEMED GREATLY ATTRACTED TO HIM! I...GUESS HE WAS THE FIRST MAN SHE HAD EVER MET WHO COULD HANDLE HER!



SHE WENT OUT WITH HIM AFTER DINNER AND YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE! IS THAT RIGHT?

YES! OH, MY POOR GAIL! I WAS A BLIND, STUPID FOOL!



ACCORDING TO O'BRIEN'S STORY, THIS MYSTERY MAN WAS HAVING DINNER WITH THEM WHEN DAILY WAS MURDERED! I HAVE A STRONG HUNCH THE TWO THINGS WITCH TOGETHER!



BUT UNLESS I CAN GET SOMETHING TO GO ON...

HEY, CRIMEBUSTER!

SQUEEK SQUEEK



WHA FELLOWS! WHAT'S ON YOUR MINDS?

WE JUST HEARD ABOUT THE MURDER AND WE MAY HAVE A LEAD!



WE'RE CADDES AT THE GOLF CLUB AND FROM WHAT WE'VE OVER-HEARD WE THINK DAILY WAS DEALING WITH LIQUOR RACKETEERS!

HE'S RIGHT! I THINK THEY WERE SUPPLYING THE CLUB WITH BLACK-MARKET STUFF!





SO THAT'S IT! LIQUOR RACKETEERS! THAT GIVES ME SOMETHING TO WORK ON! THANKS, FELLOW!

GEE! THAT'S OKAY! HOPE YOU CATCH THE RATS! LET US KNOW IF WE CAN HELP!



I'LL BET THOSE CROOKS ARE PRETTY ANXIOUS TO UNLOAD THAT BLACK MARKET LIQUOR! SINCE THE CLUB IS OUT THEY NEED A NEW MARKET!

THINK I'LL LOOK UP O'DOOLEY! HIS EXPERIENCE ON THE POLICE FORCE! MIGHT HELP!



HELLO, O'DOOLEY! THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND TALK OVER A LITTLE BUSINESS WITH YOU!

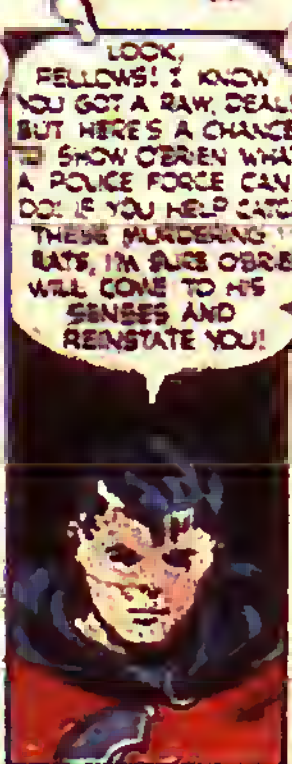
CRIMEBUSTER! CHON IN! RELYS HERE, TOO! HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YA!



HERE'S THE SET-UP! I THINK DALY'S MURDER AND THE O'BRIEN GIRL KIDNAPPING ARE LINKED TOGETHER! WITH YOUR HELP I THINK WE COULD GET THE GIRL BACK AND THE MURDERERS!

OH, NO! I AIN'T PLAYIN' BALL! O'BRIEN CRACKED US OFF THE FORCE, AND I AIN'T HELPING HIM!

NOT A CHANCE!



LOOK, FELLOWS! I KNOW YOU GOT A RAW DEAL! BUT HERE'S A CHANCE TO SHOW O'BRIEN WHAT A POLICE FORCE CAN DO! IF YOU HELP CATCH THESE MURDERING RATS, I'M SURE O'BRIEN WILL COME TO HIS SENSES AND REINSTATE YOU!



IF YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOURSELVES, THINK OF THE OTHER GUYS ON THE FORCE WITH YOU! YOU'D BE HELPING THEM GET THEIR JOBS BACK!

HMM—I DUNNO! I HATE TO HELP O'BRIEN, BUT Y'AM SICK OF SITTING AROUND DOING NOTHING!

OH WELL, WHAT D'YA SAY, O'DOOLEY?



OKAY! I'LL DO IT! BUT I OUGHTA HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED!

SWELL! NOW HERE'S MY PLAN! WE'LL SET A TRAP FOR THOSE RACKETEERS AN' YOU TWO WILL SPRING IT!



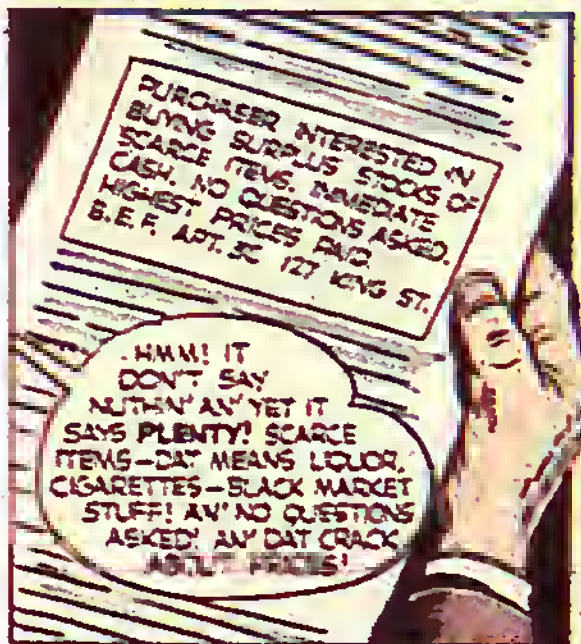
I'D LIKE TO INSERT THIS AD IN THE PUBLIC NOTICE SECTION!

WOW! ARE YOU GOING INTO THE BLACK MARKET BUSINESS OR SOMETHING CRIMEBUSTER?





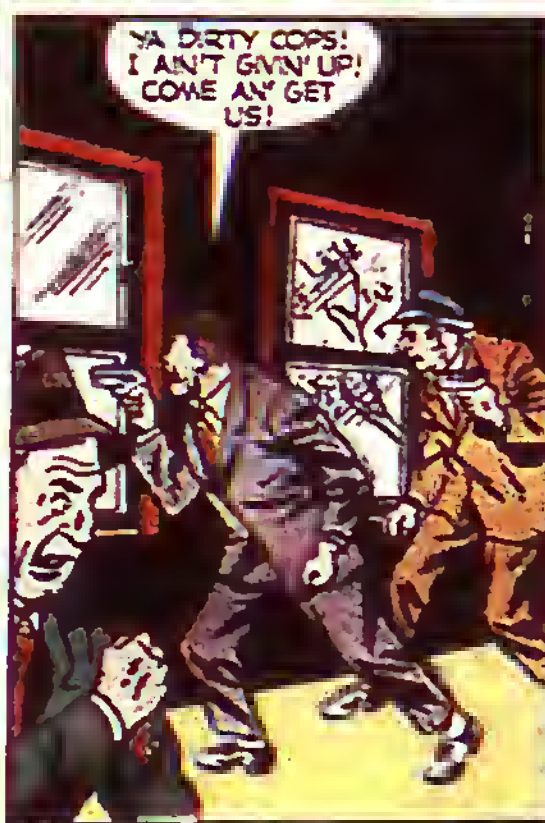
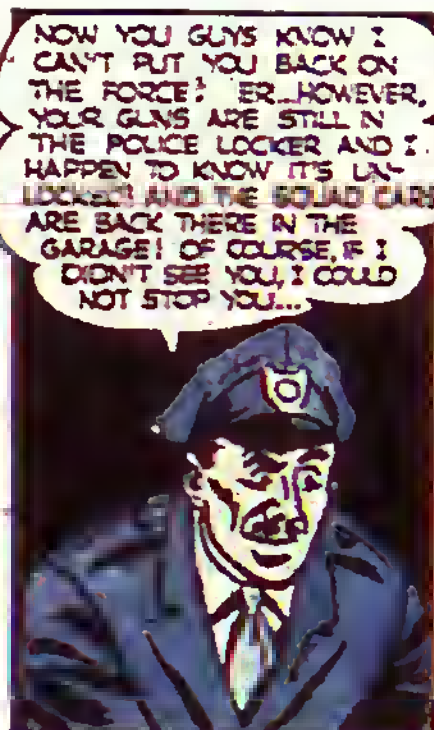




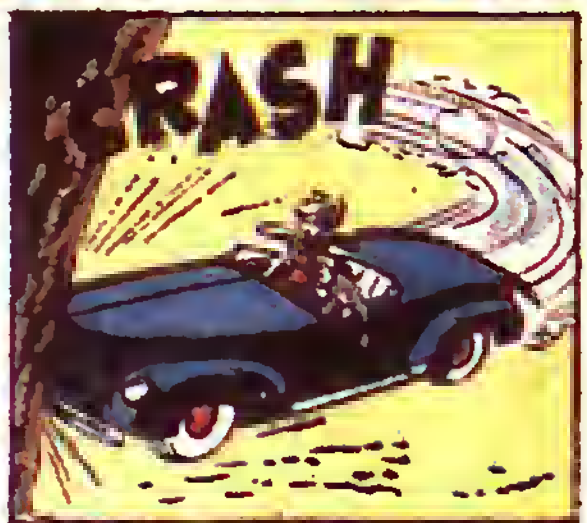
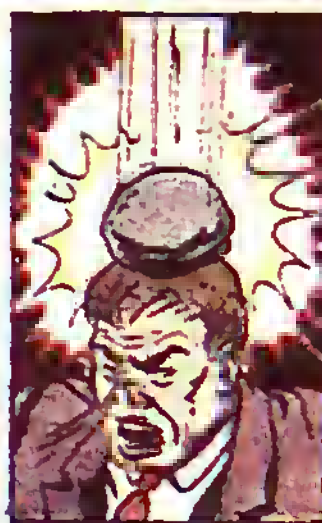














BOY  
COMICS

# HERO

OF THE MONTH

A  
TRUE  
STORY



BOY COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS PETER BROVET JR. OF BELGIUM AS ITS HERO OF THE MONTH... BECAUSE WHAT PETER DID TO FIGHT THE NAZIS BROUGHT GLORY TO DEMOCRACY'S HONORED BELIEF THAT THE "PEN IS, MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!"





OUR STORY BEGINS IN BELGIUM DURING WORLD WAR I —

WHAT ARE YOU CALLING THE LEAFLET, PETER?

"LA LIBRE BELGIQUE... — 'FREE BELGIUM'! THIS PAPER MUST BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF EVERY PATRIOTIC BELGIAN!"



PETER... "LA LIBRE BELGIQUE"! — READ IT AND PASS IT ON TO A FRIEND, BUT BE CAREFUL!

IF WE DID NOT HAVE THIS PAPER TO REMIND US OF OUR LIBERTY, WE MIGHT NEVER REGAIN IT...

HEY, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



UNDERGROUND? — I SHOW YOU!!

YAAA!



ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

YES, MY SON, WE PAID A GREAT PRICE TO DISTRIBUTE "LA LIBRE BELGIQUE"! — BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! BELGIUM RID HERSELF OF THE SOONER, AND OUR PAPER HELPED!

IF THE GERMANS INVADE OUR COUNTRY AGAIN, FATHER, LIKE THE RADIO SAYS, WHAT THEN?



IF THE NAZI DARE... WE WILL FIGHT AGAIN! — BELGIUM WILL NEVER BE GERMANY'S SLAVE! REMEMBER THAT, PETER!

PRaise BE TO GOD!



BUT HITLER DID DARE!... BELGIUM WAS OVERRUN BY THE NAZI MONSTERS!







WILE IN THE BROUET HOUSEHOLD



WHAT IS IT, PETER - YOU'VE BEEN SO STRANGELY SILENT ALL EVENING!

WELL, IT'S THE CIRCULATION OF 'LA LIBRE BELGIQUE'! THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED! THE STAFF WANTS MORE CIRCULATION IN THIS PART OF THE CITY AND MEN AND WOMEN ARE NOT ENOUGH! BELGIUM NEEDS EVERYONE! EVEN HER CHILDREN TO FIGHT FOR HER! I MUST TALK TO PETER!



I KNOW FATHER BUT YOU SEE, WE ARE ALSO PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTING 'LA LIBRE BELGIQUE' AND WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW MEN LIKE YOU WERE DOING THE SAME! THAT'S GOOD! NEWS, FATHER!



WHAT! YOU TOO PRINT THE PAPER?



SON YOU MAKE ME VERY PROUD OF YOU! NOW WE CAN ALL WORK TOGETHER!

OF COURSE WE IDEALLY FIT IN WITH THE CIRCULATION!



IT'S AN AIR RAID!

DOWN TO THE CELLAR QUICKLY!



BRITISH AIR ARMADA RETURNING FROM A RAID ON GERMANY!



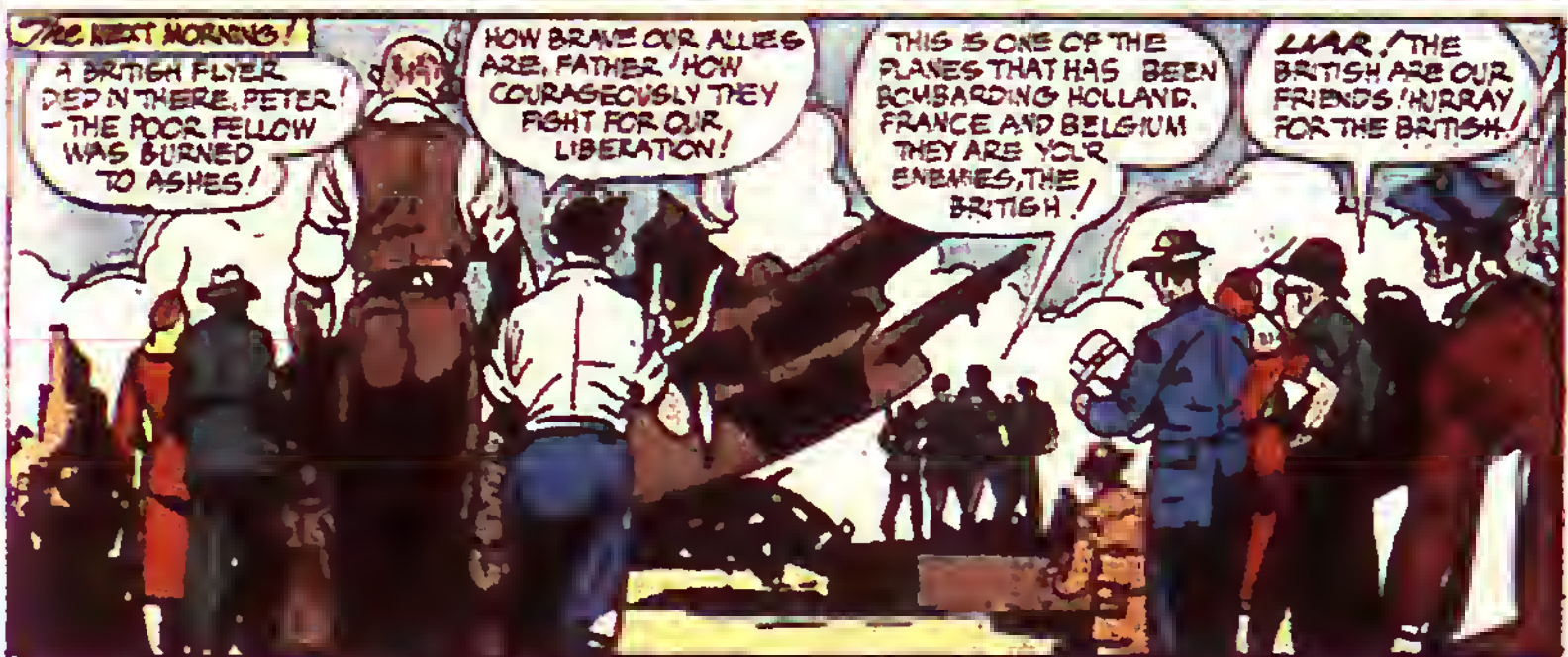
BY HEAVEN! THAT ONE GOT IT! - HOLD THEM! EDGE! WE'RE GOING DOWN!

IT'S COMING! SAVED FROM LOVE HER WAY!

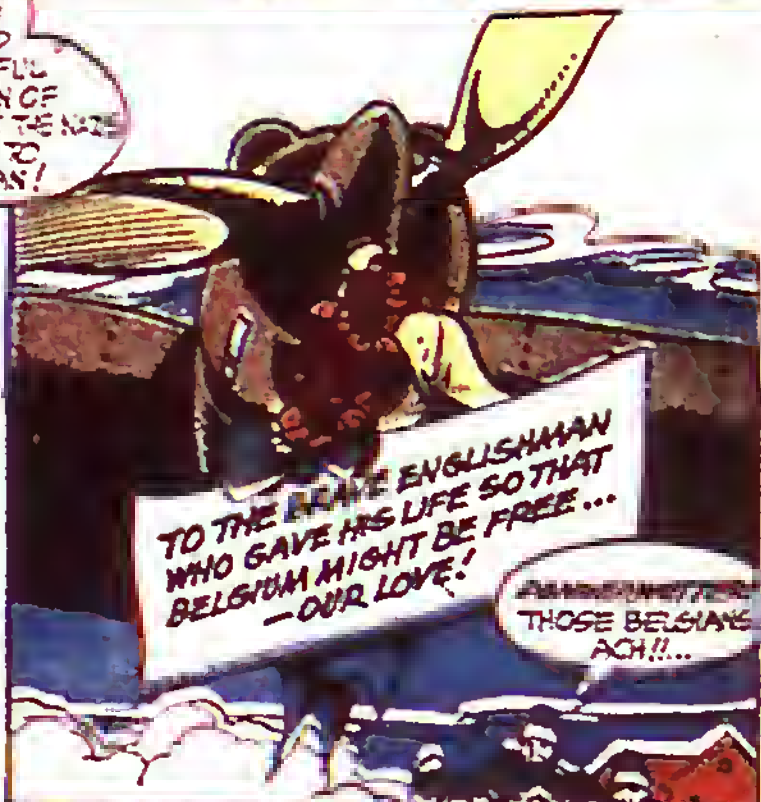
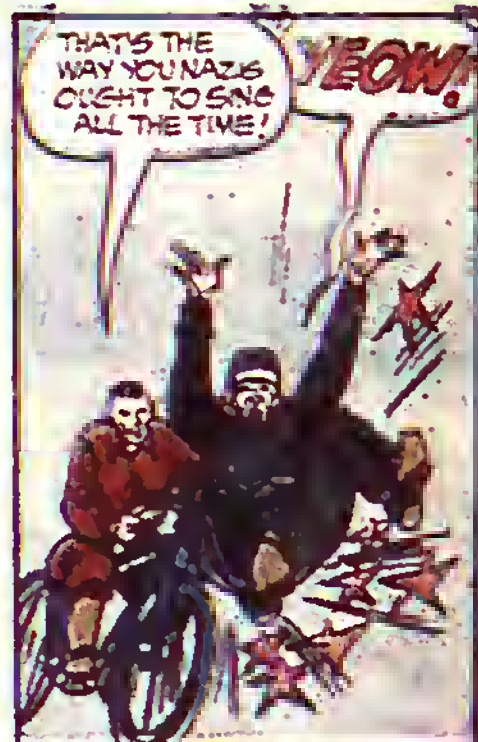


THEY HIT ONE OF THE PLANES AND IT CRASHED IN FLAMES !!



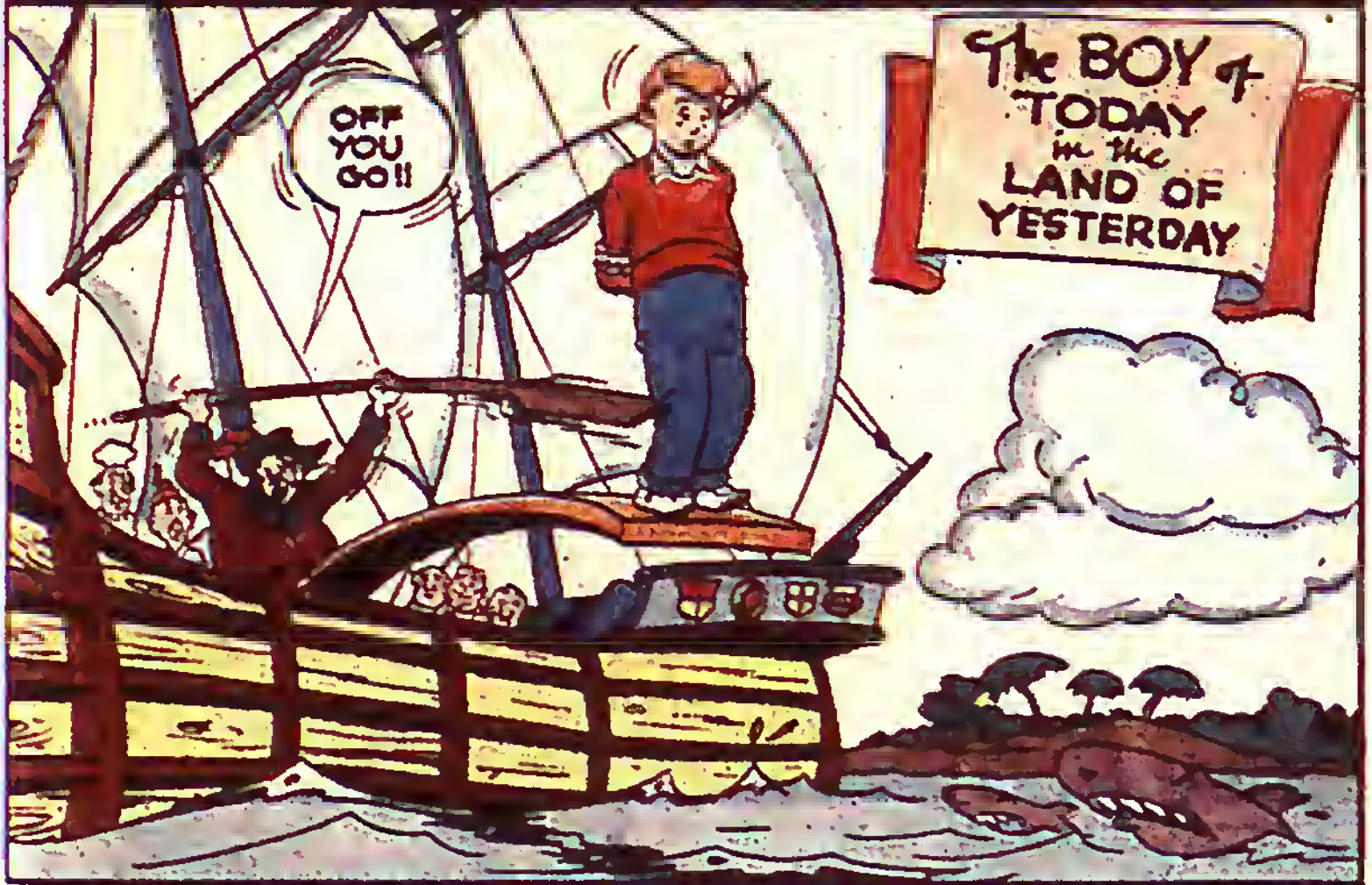








# YANKEE LONGGAGO







SO! CAUGHT YA  
RED-HANDED! AND  
THIS TIME IT'S  
JAIL FOR YOU!



ARISE! BLAST  
YOUR LAZY  
HIDE!



SCOUNDREL! HOW DARE  
YOU SLEEP ON THE  
DECK! GO FETCH  
MY SUPPER AT  
ONCE!



OH GOSH! I'M BACK  
IN HISTORY AGAIN!  
BUT WHERE? AND  
WHO WAS THAT  
GUY?



WELL, WHO  
ARE YOU  
AND WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?

I'M YANKEE LONGAGO  
AND SOME BIG OLD  
FAT CHARACTER  
SENT ME TO  
FETCH HIS  
SUPPER!



HUSH, LAD! YOU  
MUST BE DAFT  
TO REFER TO THE  
GREAT EXPLORER,  
PONCE DE LEON,  
AS OLD AND  
FAT!

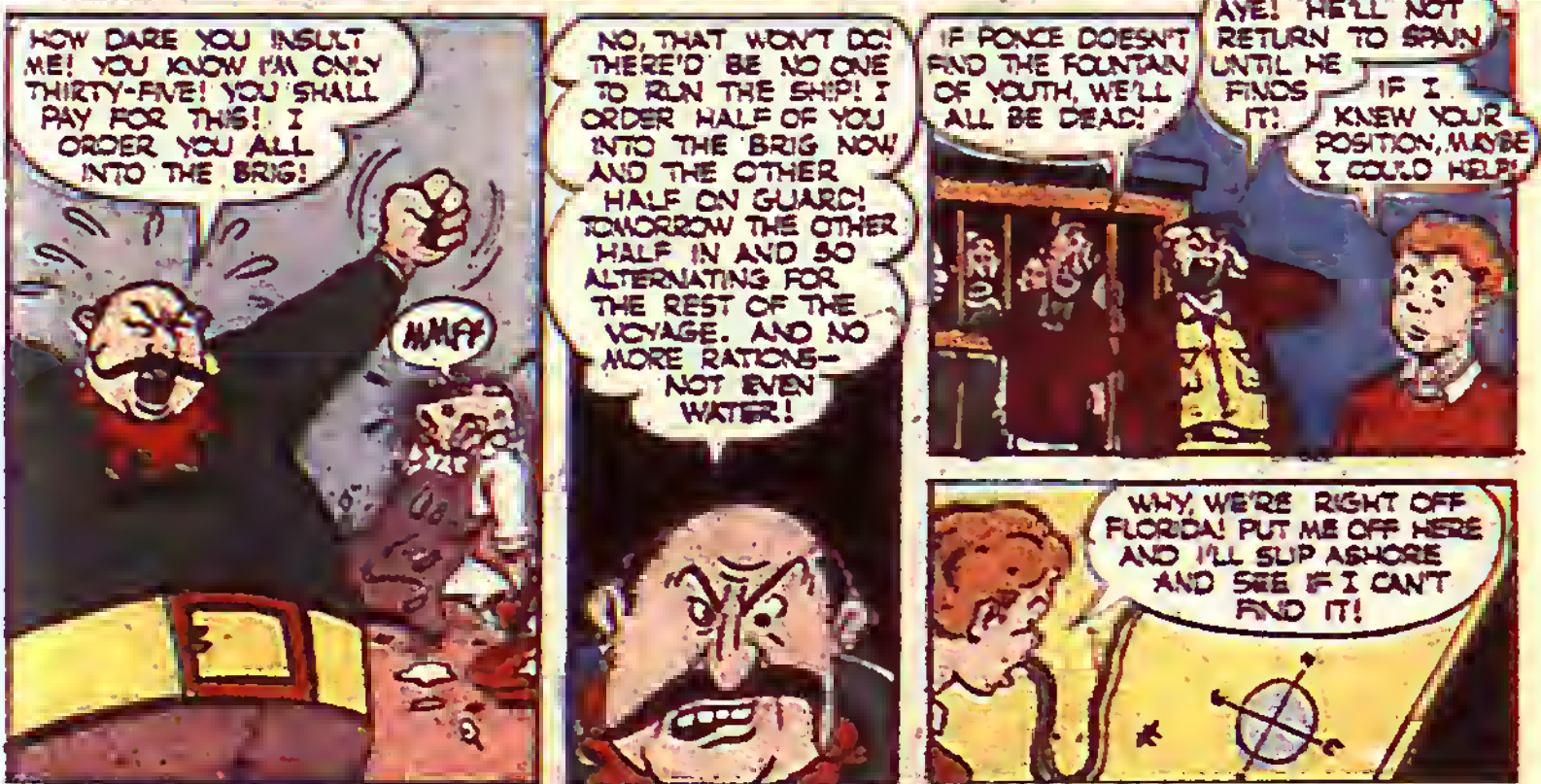
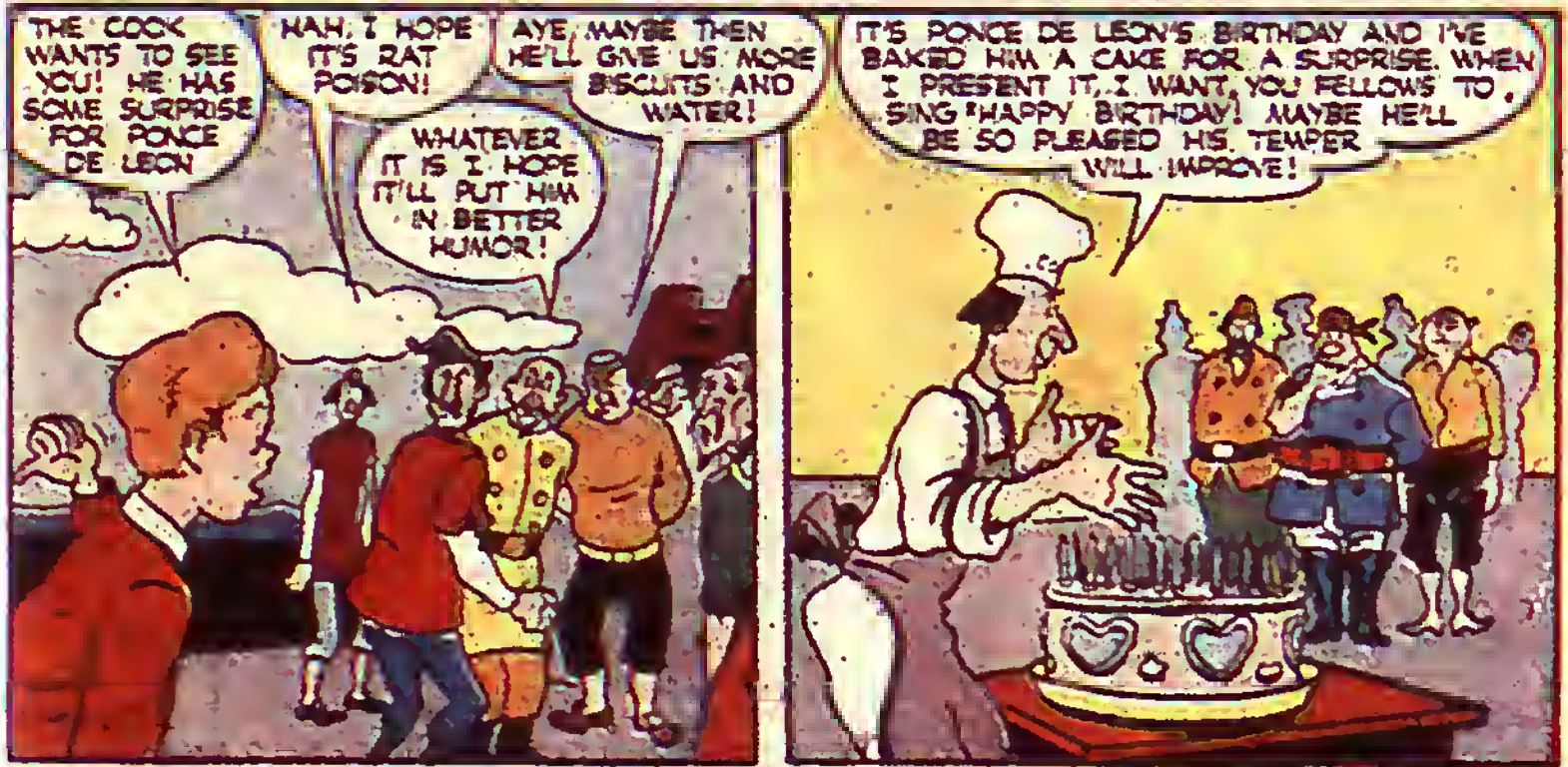
SO THAT'S WHO  
HE IS! WELL,  
ANYHOW HE IS  
OLD AND FAT!

GOSH, I MUST  
BE BACK TO  
THE YEAR  
1513!



YOU NEEDN'T FETCH  
HIS SUPPER! I HAVE  
A SURPRISE FOR HIM!  
GO CALL THE CREW  
IN SO I CAN TELL  
THEM ABOUT IT!

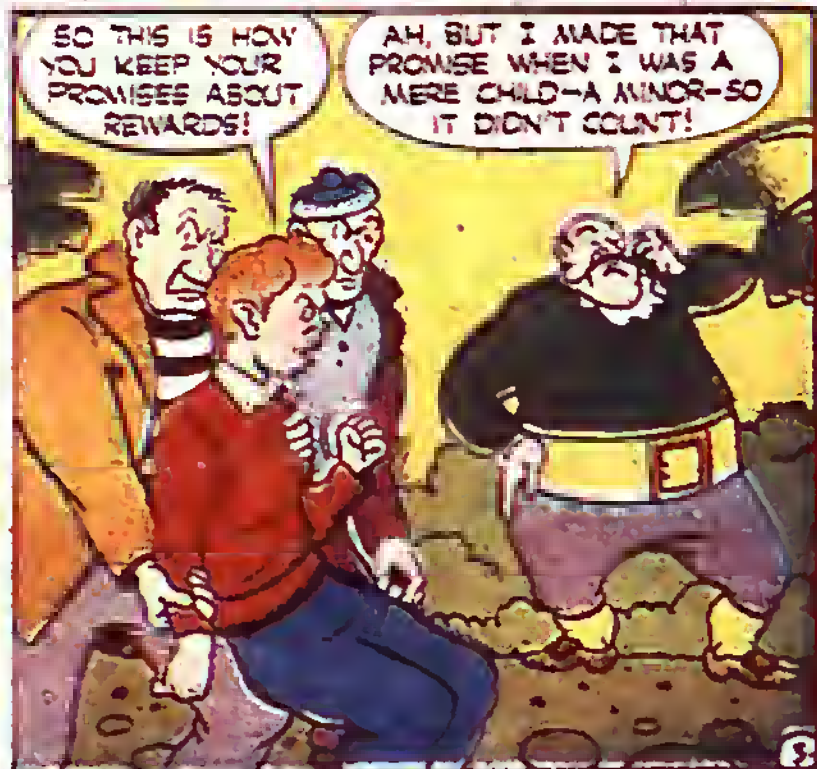
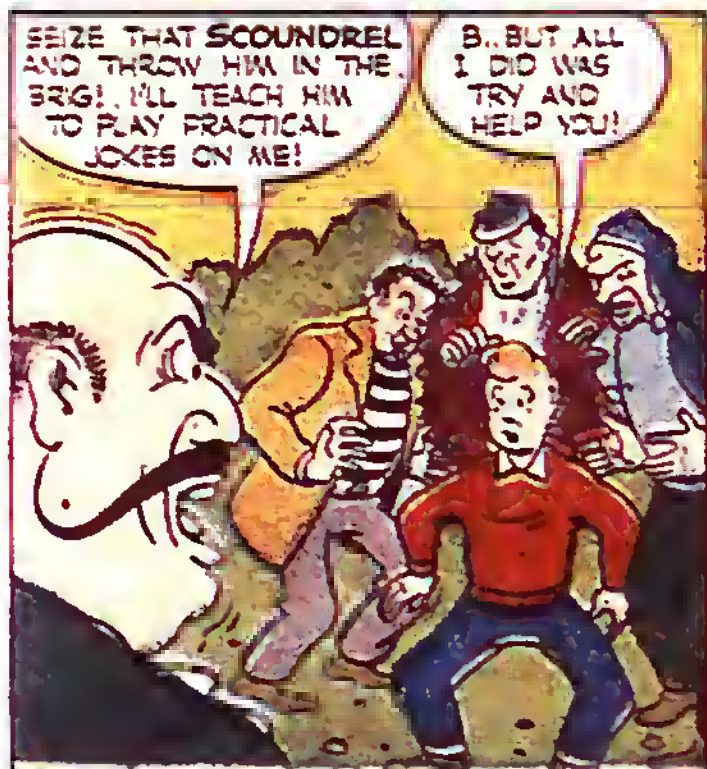
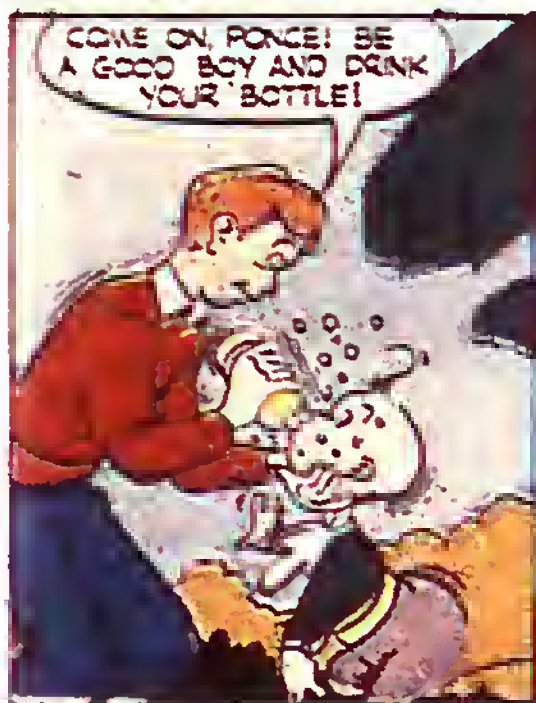
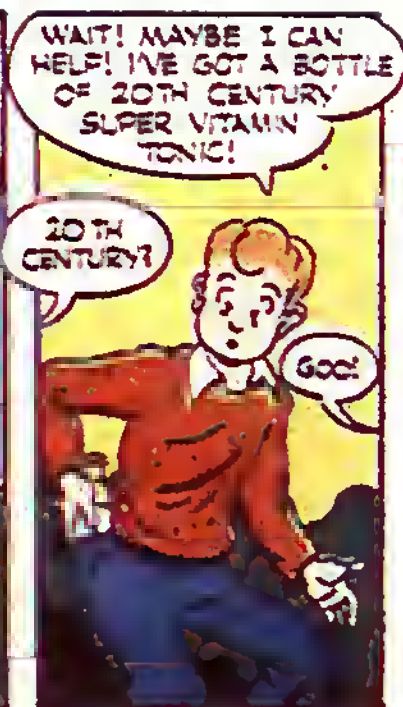














OH, DEAR, YANKEE! THAT NASTY PONCE IS GOING TO HAVE YOU WALK THE PLANK AT DAWN, AND WE CAN'T RESCUE YOU BECAUSE HE'S HIDDEN THE KEYS TO THE BRIG!

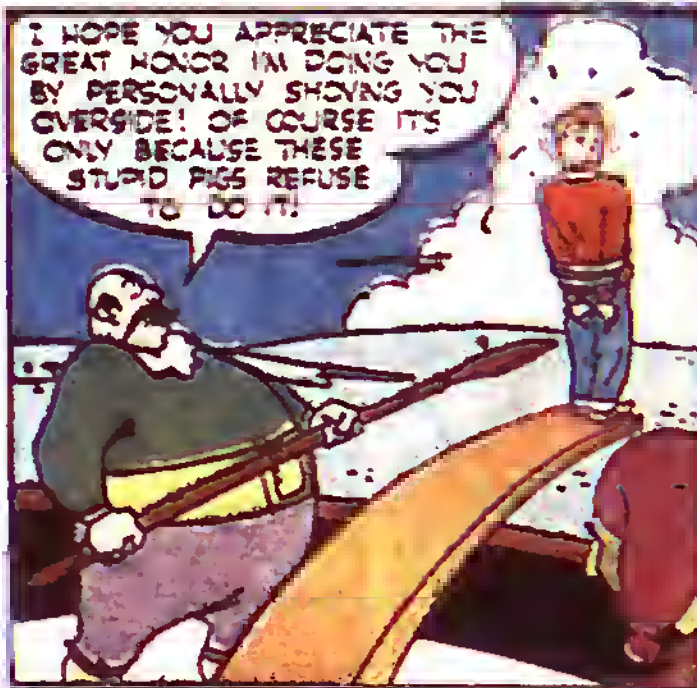


GULP! I GUESS YOU'RE DOOMED! (SNIFF) BUT ANYHOW HERE-TAKE THIS...A SORT OF PARTING GIFT! I BAKED IT SPECIALLY FOR YOU!

OH...ER.. THANKS A LOT!

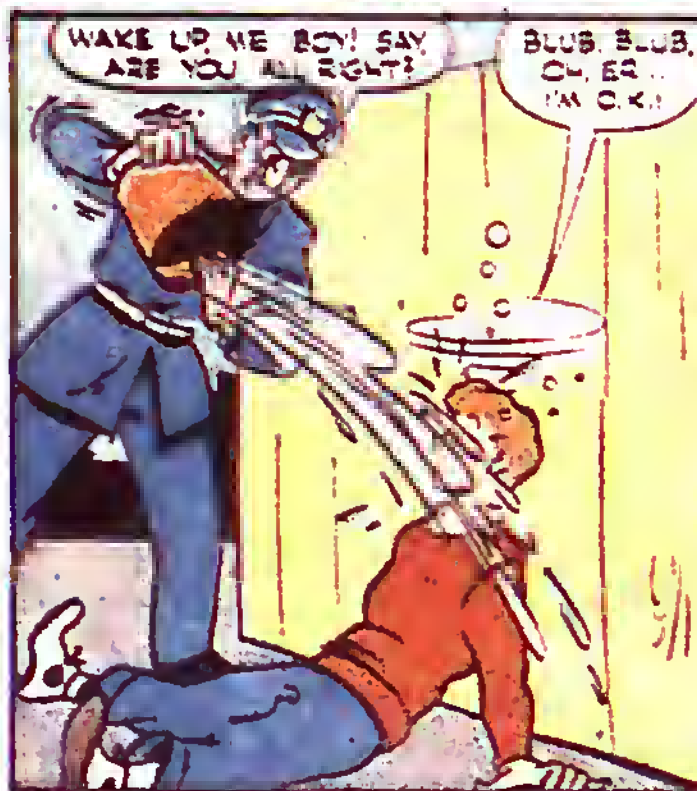


I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE GREAT HONOR I'M DOING YOU BY PERSONALLY SHOYING YOU OVERSIDE! OF COURSE ITS ONLY BECAUSE THESE STUPID PIGS REFUSE TO DO IT!



WAKE UP, ME BOY! SAY ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

BLUB, BLUB, OH, ER... I'M O.K.



AFTER SEEING WHAT HAPPENED TO PONCE I GUESS I'LL LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE!



THE END



# DAREDEVIL AND THE CRYING KILLER

By DICK WOOD

**Y**OUNG Archie Duggan glared balefully into the large full mirror and watched two tears drip down the side of his pasty cheeks. A smile slowly curled his thin lips and he broke into a wild gale of laughter. Crying and laughing were two great emotions and Archie liked them both—but he liked crying best for that was his business.

Not many people had ever seen Archie laugh, but a good many had regretted seeing him cry. Like the street car conductor who listened to Archie's sad tale of woe and allowed himself to be lured into a side street to talk. While the conductor pitied his tears, Archie slammed his snub nosed automatic into his side and took a week's pay. But that was mild compared to some of the little crier's episodes. The conductor hadn't resisted but others had. Several of them had been long buried and others were still suffering in the hospital. The little crier was also a killer when fate moved against him.

*Daredevil* shook his shoulders as he stepped out of the train and headed into Grand Central Station. He was in plain clothes and it gave him an uncomfortable feeling to have the smooth clinging suit of red and blue under his other one. He was half-way through the station when the little man bumped into him.

"Ah, pardon me," Archie muttered. "I—I'm kinda lost—can you tell me where Lexington Avenue is?"

*Daredevil* pointed. "Sure, over there!"

For a moment the little man hesitated.

"Gosh," he said. "I—I wonder if you would walk me over. I—I can't see well—I'm a stranger and I'm hurt!"

*Daredevil* allowed himself to be steered into a nearby exit. They were half-way up the steps when Archie suddenly stopped, swung about and placed his automatic against *Daredevil's* ribs.

"Alright pal," he hissed, "cought up your wallet and be fast about it."

*Daredevil* hesitated. One iron fist doubled up and swung slowly back behind him. Then he stopped. Gently *Daredevil* handed the little killer his wallet and stood back, a look of fear on his face. Archie moved into the nearby crowd leering and *Daredevil* stepped back against the wall wide-eyed. For a split moment he stood there until the crying killer had gone from view, then he stepped forward. Carefully hugging the wall, he headed after Archie.

A half hour later Archie crept into his room and carefully opened the brown wallet. His black beady eyes snapped open in surprise as he came across a card with *Daredevil's* insignia on it.

"*D. Daredevil*" he stuttered. "Good goth! I-I've robbed *Daredevil* himself."

For a moment Archie stood there thinking. Then slowly he tiptoed to the door and listened. He knew that there was no thief in the country clever enough to lift a wallet from *Daredevil* if America's ace crime-cracker didn't wish it. Still there was more than one way to skin a cat. Undoubtedly *Daredevil* followed him home but if he was smart he could turn that into a very useful thing. It wasn't every crook who had had *Daredevil* right in his lair. There was no noise outside



but then Archie hadn't expected to overhear an expert as clever as *Daredevil*. He tiptoed back to the telephone and called a number.

He spoke softly into the mouthpiece. "Hello, Mack . . . Listen, *Daredevil* is outside my door—bring some of the boys—surround the house—hurry!"

Archie replaced the phone and took a large forty-five automatic from his bureau drawer. A smile cracked his face as he fitted the clip of bullets into it. This was going to be a big showdown and it called for a big gun. What a oame he would have in the underworld when *Daredevil* lay dead on his doorstep. He would rule the roost and be the pride and envy of every big time killer in town. He waited five minutes facing the door: the automatic clutched in his thin hand. Still no sound. *Daredevil* was probably waiting for him to make a move. Ha, what a laugh that would be! The great *Daredevil* waiting to spring a trap and all the time he himself was being trapped.

He smiled broadly as he thought of that. There wasn't a way he could lose now. If *Daredevil* entered now he could shoot him dead before he had a chance to bring his great physical strength into play. If *Daredevil* chose to wait outside, it was just a matter of time before Mack's boys closed in. He went over to the window and looked out. It was about time for the boys to arrive but he couldn't see them. He put his head and shoulder out the window to look further down the street and it happened. Something tight snapped about his waist and he was yanked out and up.

Dangling high over the street by the rope, Archie's body shook with fear. He looked up and turned pale. There was *Daredevil* in his flashing blue and red uniform rapidly pulling him to the roof-top. He struggled and then stopped. If he should slip free, it would mean death on the street below. A steel hand reached down and pulled him to the roof-top.

"Speak up," *Daredevil* said harshly. "How many of them are coming?"

"H-how many what?" Archie stammered.

The steel hand tightened about his arm until he winced. "You know what I mean—your mob—how many, quick?"

Archie's mind reeled. How could he know others were coming.

"I-I don't know," he said hopelessly. "I

just told them to come."

"Alright," *Daredevil* said. "We're going down together."

Archie felt himself propelled toward the stairway. Held out in front by one of *Daredevil's* arms they went down slowly. At the front door Archie stopped. His face was a frightened mass of fear.

"D-Don't make me go out," he pleaded. "They'll shoot us both. They don't care about me. Not if they can get you."

*Daredevil* shoved him through the door. "You should have thought of that before. Besides you shouldn't be afraid of death . . . you've certainly handed out enough yourself."

Outside in the street four men lounged near a car. *Daredevil's* mind worked quickly. Archie was right when he said they would shoot them both and he had no wish to be on the receiving end of a tommy gun. Pushing Archie ahead of him he headed boldly across to the men. If his plan was to work he would have to act quickly and count on the surprise element to carry him through. He could see the men stiffen now. They hadn't expected any such action. Their hands had just started for their guns when *Daredevil* swung into action.

One hand clutched Archie by the seat of the trousers and with one easy motion he flung the screaming killer straight into the group. A gun barked as Archie struck, then the four men were flung leaghtways on the sidewalk. Curses rang out as they struggled stunned to their feet. *Daredevil* was in action now. Like a great cat he swung into their midst lashing out lefts and rights with lightning-like speed. One large man slammed backwards over the hood of the car, out of the fight for good with a broken jaw. A second had a gun out now, but before his finger could tighten on the trigger *Daredevil* had caught his wrist and sent him sailing through the air. The remaining two flung themselves in desperation onto *Daredevil's* back. With one shrug of his powerful shoulders he flung them to the ground and sent them into oblivion with two well placed blows.

Several hours later *Daredevil* handed Archie, the crying killer, a handkerchief as he sat in his cell. Large wet tears were rolling down Archie's face—but this time they weren't false—they were very much the real thing.



# Swoop Storm



Looks as though Swoop Storm and Winkie have run into trouble of a very special sort! If you're wondering about where they are and who the fellow with a beard is--start reading. This is one adventure Winkie will NEVER forget.

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS FOR, SWOOP?

THESE ARE SUPERPOWERED SMALL ROCKETS TO PROPEL THIS NEW PLANE-- A SINGLE PAIR WILL GIVE IT A SPEED OF 800 MILES AN HOUR FOR ABOUT AN HOURS TIME!

GEE! YOU'VE GOT TWELVE PAIR--THAT MEANS YOU CAN TRAVEL 9600 MILES!!

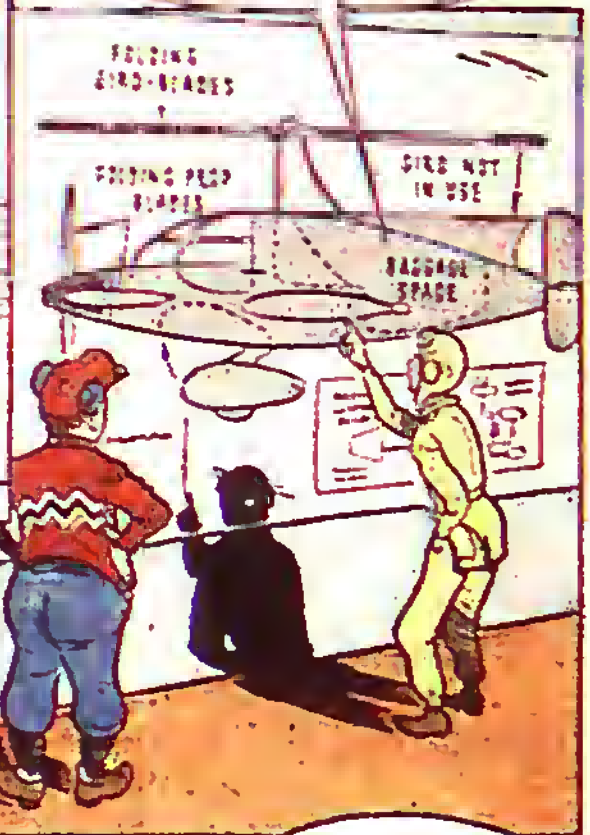
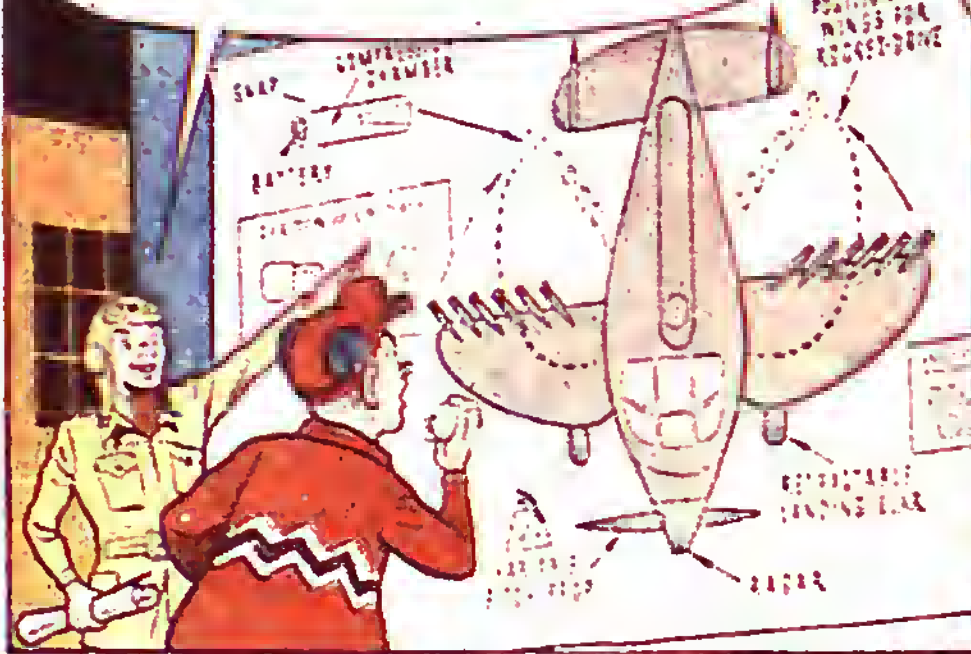
THAT'S NOT ALL--COME AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE PLANS! THIS PLANE WILL REVOLUTIONIZE POST WAR TRAVEL!





YOU SEE, WINKIE, THIS IS A THREE-WAY PLANE! PROPELLER, ROCKET, GIRO-DRIVEN--- BESIDES THAT IT HAS SPECIAL RADAR EQUIPMENT IN THE NOSE AS AN EXTRA SAFETY FEATURE-- THE WINGS FOLD BACK WHEN ITS ROCKET DRIVEN TO LESSEN WIND RESISTANCE!

-- WHEN THE PLANE IS IN DANGER OF COLLISION, THE RADAR AUTOMATICALLY CHECKS FORWARD FLIGHT, AND THE RETRACTABLE GIRO IS RELEASED AND MAINTAINS THE PLANE'S ALTITUDE UNTIL THE PILOT CAN READJUST HIS COURSE!

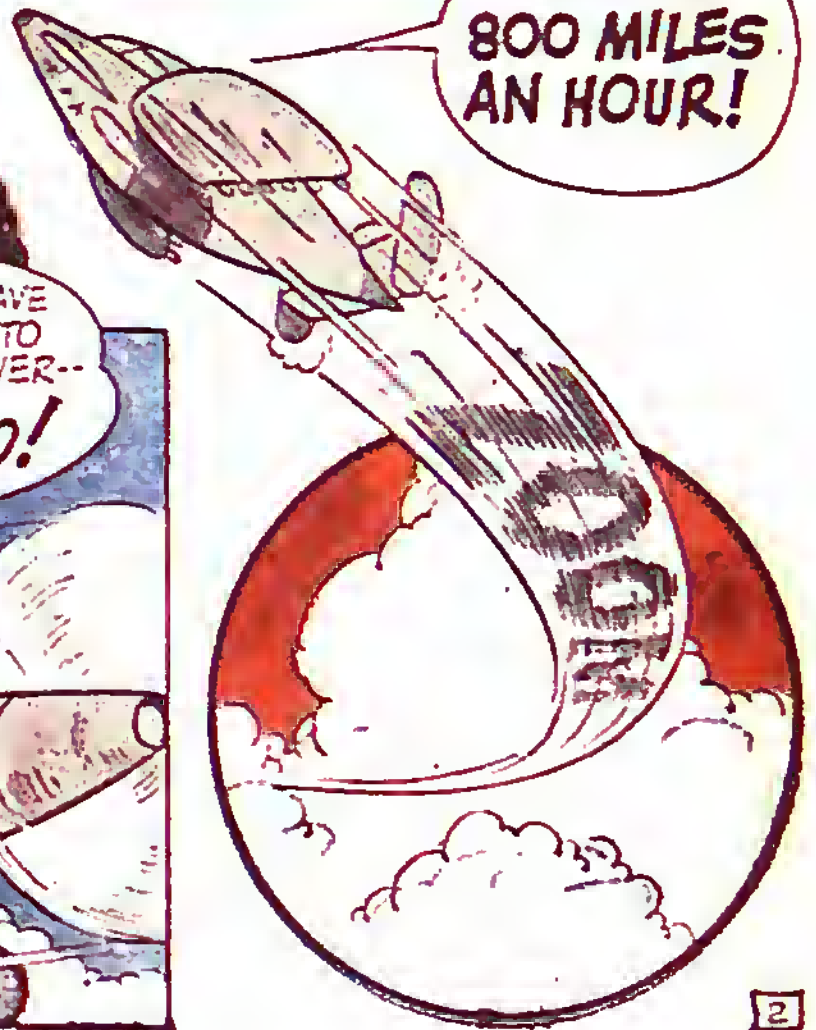


YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING! I HOPE YOU'LL TAKE ME ON THE TEST FLIGHT!

**SURE**...I'M PLANNING TO TAKE A TRIP TO ALASKA TO TEST IT---- WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW!

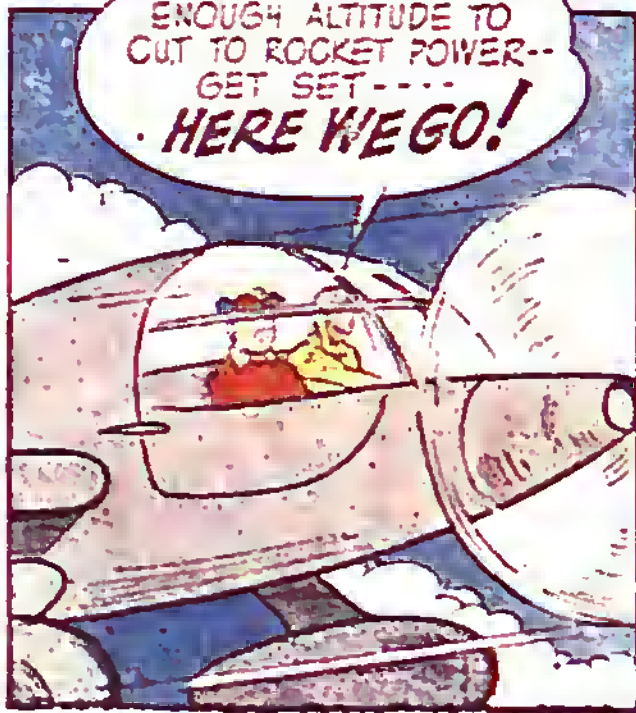


**WOW! SWOOP- 800 MILES AN HOUR!**



--I GUESS WE HAVE ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO CUT TO ROCKET POWER-- GET SET---- **HERE WE GO!**

**AND SO THE NEXT DAY--**





I CAN'T SEE A THING WINKIE--ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE'RE SOMEWHERE IN THE INTERIOR OF ALASKA AND LOSING ALTITUDE!

GEE, SWOOP I CAN'T SEE A--- **OH MIGOSH!** WE'RE HEADIN' RIGHT FOR A MOUNTAIN! S'POSE THE GIRD'S FROZEN---- GULP!!

WHEW--- WINKIE, I NEVER MEANT TO TEST THAT SAFETY DEVICE SO REALISTICALLY! I THINK WE'D BETTER LAND TIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER!

GEE-- I'LL BET NO HUMAN EVER SET FOOT IN THIS PLACE BEFORE!

**I GOT YA COVERED!**

DON'T REACH FOR NO SHOOTIN' IRONS AND EFFEN YA CAN'T UNDERSTAND MY LANGUAGE I STILL MEAN IT!

SURE AS MY NAME IS PICK-AX PETE IF IT AIN'T MORE FELLERS FROM MARS! AIN'T TWO OF YOU ENOUGH ALREADY?

**MARS?**

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE-- WE'RE NOT FROM MARS!



**FOR LAND'S SAKE!**

YOU SPEAK ENGLISH-- IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN FORTY YEARS I'VE HEARD IT SPOKE-- CEPT WHEN I TALK TO MYSELF!

WAL- I WUZ ALONE TILL A COUPLA CURIOUS CRITTERS COME FLOATIN' DOWN FROM MARS A YEAR OR SO AGO-- C'MON I'LL SHOW YA-

THERE THEY BE STUPID CRITTERS! JABBER ALL THE TIME CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF IT!

YE GODS! THEY'RE JAPS, SIR- THEY'RE AT

WAR WITH AMERICA ---- PROBABLY THEY WERE SPYING ON ARMY INSTALLATIONS AND CRASHED





**SPIES!** FIGHTING AMERICA! --- I'LL SHOOT THEM DEAD!

WAIT--YOU CAN'T DO THAT!--THEY'RE PRISONERS!



OH WELL, ALL RIGHT, I'LL LEAVE THEM BE! C'MON INSIDE AND TELL ME WHAT'S GOIN' ON AND VISIT AWHILE!



I CAME HERE PROSPECTIN' FUR GOLD AN' LIKED IT SO WELL I STAYED--- KINDA HOPED SOME OTHER FOLKS WOULD COME ALONG AND SETTLE, TOO-- IT'S KINDA LONESOME! HO HUM--- WED BETTER GET SOME SLEEP!



--AND SO SWOOP AND WINKIE TELL PETE ABOUT ALL THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE HE LEFT CIVILIZATION 40 YEARS AGO--

FOR LAND'S SAKE! ALL THEM THINGS-- SOUNDS LIKE MIRACLES--RADIO, AIRPLANES, ELECTRICITY--

TELL ME PETE, HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO STAY HERE ALL THESE YEARS?



I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR WAY SOON, AND I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO TAKE THOSE JAPS ALONG AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!

THEM VARMINTS! TAKE 'EM AN' WELCOME

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?



**THE JAPS!** THEY'VE SWIPED OUR PLANE!

I WOULDN'T WORRY IF I WAS YOU--

HEY! COME BACK!

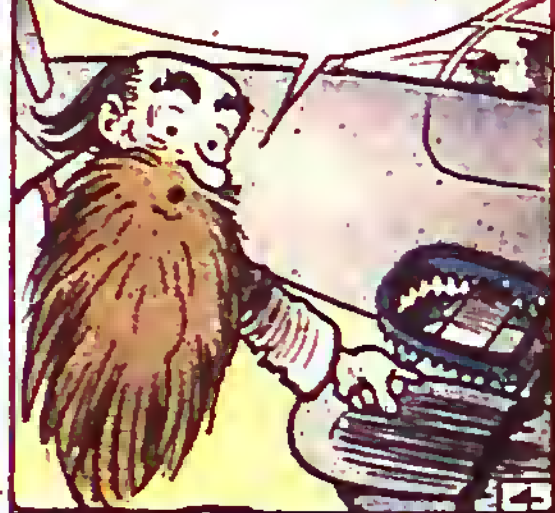


WHAT THE--

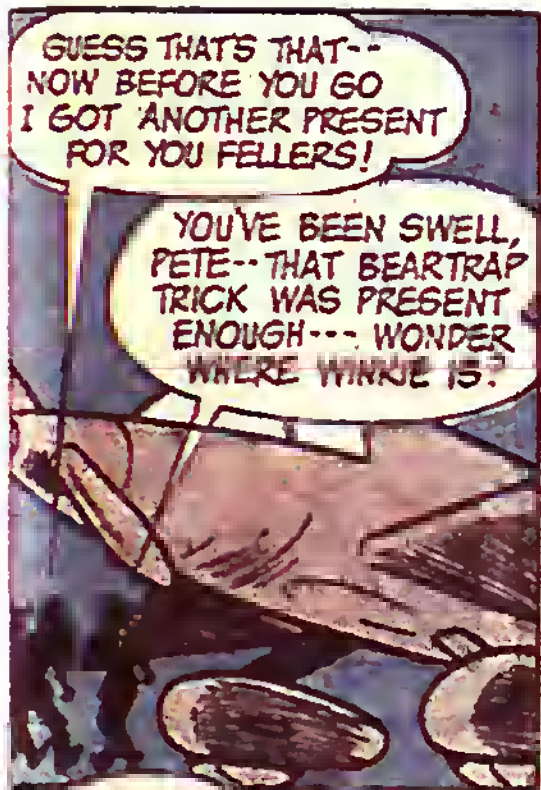
HA-HA-FOOLED THEM!



I JUST HITCHED MY BIGGEST BEAR TRAP TO THIS CONTRAPTION SO IT WOULDN'T FLY OFF BY ITSELF! NOW LET ME HELP YOU TIE UP THEM FELLERS SO THEY WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE!

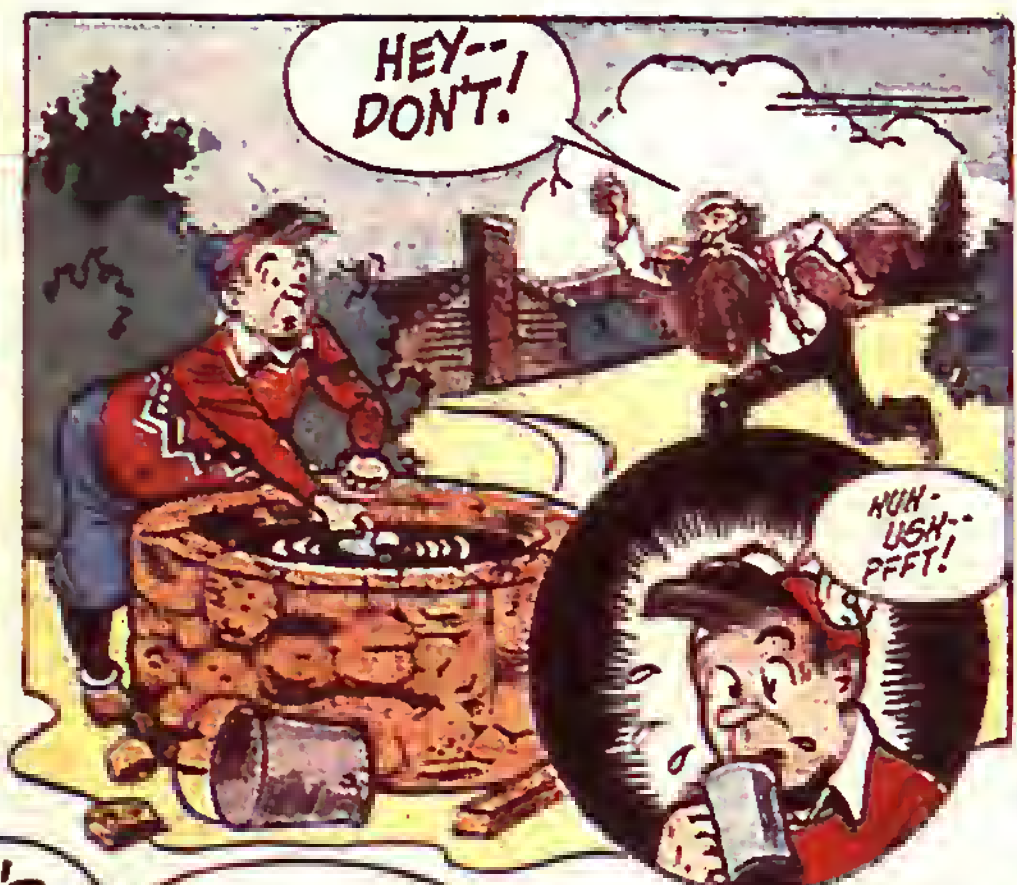






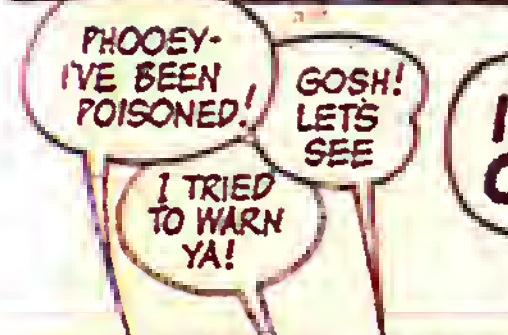
GUESS THAT'S THAT--  
NOW BEFORE YOU GO  
I GOT ANOTHER PRESENT  
FOR YOU FELLERS!

YOU'VE BEEN SWELL,  
PETE-- THAT BEARTRAP  
TRICK WAS PRESENT  
ENOUGH--- WONDER  
WHERE WINKIE IS?



HEY--  
DONT!

HUH--  
USH--  
PFFT!



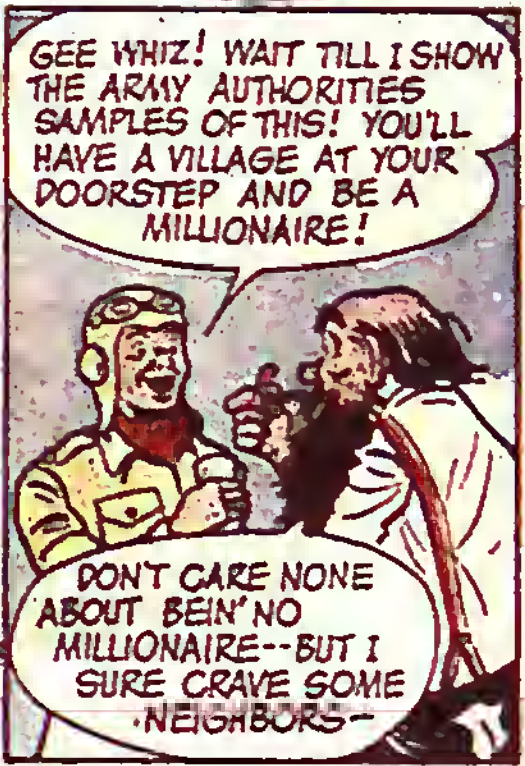
PHOOEY--  
I'VE BEEN  
POISONED!

GOSH!  
LET'S  
SEE

I TRIED  
TO WARN  
YA!

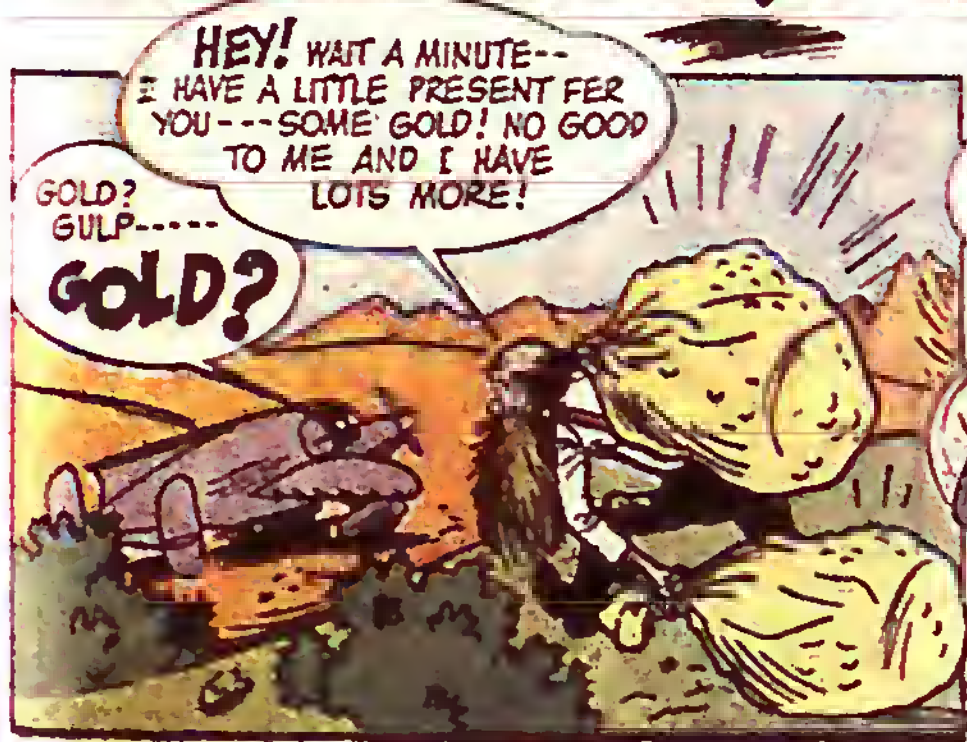
IT'S  
OIL!

WHOLE GROUNDS  
FULL OF IT--- CANT  
DRILL FER WATER NOR  
DIG FER GOLD WITH-  
OUT HITIN' THAT  
CONFOUNDED  
STUFF!



GEE WHIZ! WAIT TILL I SHOW  
THE ARMY AUTHORITIES  
SAMPLES OF THIS! YOU'LL  
HAVE A VILLAGE AT YOUR  
DOORSTEP AND BE A  
MILLIONAIRE!

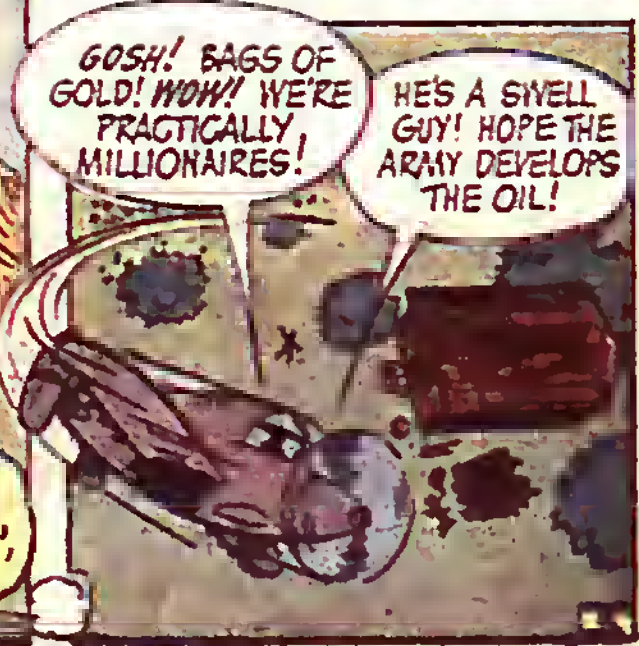
DONT CARE NONE  
ABOUT BEIN' NO  
MILLIONAIRE-- BUT I  
SURE CRAVE SOME  
NEIGHBORS--



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE--  
I HAVE A LITTLE PRESENT FER  
YOU--- SOME GOLD! NO GOOD  
TO ME AND I HAVE  
LOTS MORE!

GOLD?  
GULP----

GOLD?



GOSH! BAGS OF  
GOLD! WOW! WE'RE  
PRACTICALLY  
MILLIONAIRES!

HES A SWELL  
GUY! HOPE THE  
ARMY DEVELOPS  
THE OIL!



HOURS LATER...

WE'RE IN A JAM, WINKIE--  
MY GAS IS RUNNING LOW AND  
I CAN'T USE THE ROCKETS TILL  
I GET MORE ALTITUDE--THE  
PLANE IS TOO HEAVY  
TO CLIMB!



ONLY ONE THING TO  
DO---THROW THE GOLD  
OVER TO LIGHTEN THE  
PLANE!

**THROW THE  
GOLD OVER?**  
ARE YOU CRAZY?  
HOW ABOUT THROWING  
THE JAPS OV--



**YOU HEARD ME!**  
THROW OUT THE GOLD!

O.K! O.K!  
ONLY I STILL  
SAY--



IT'S A NIGHTMARE!  
THROWING **GOLD** AWAY!  
NOBODY WILL EVER  
BELIEVE ME!-- ALL ON  
ACCOUNT OF THOSE LOUSY  
JAP PRISONERS!



O.K. WE'RE  
CLEAR --- I'M  
CUTTING OVER  
TO THE ROCKET  
DRIVE!



IT'S  
**SWOOP  
STORM!**  
THE C.O. IS  
EXPECTING  
HIM!

**WHATA  
PLANE!**  
WISH I COULD  
MAKE A FLIGHT  
IN IT!



- AND I GUESS THAT'S  
ALL SIR-- I DO HOPE  
YOU'LL INVESTIGATE PETE'S  
VALLEY THOUGH-- IT HAS  
GREAT POSSIBILITIES!

I'M  
SURE WE'LL  
USE IT-- AND  
WE'LL SEE THAT PETE  
GETS A RADIO AND OTHER  
NEW-FANGLED GADGETS--  
---BY THE WAY--  
WHERE'S WINKIE?



- BUT I TELL YOU  
**IT'S TRUE!** I HAD  
TO THROW ABOUT A MILLION  
DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD  
OVERSIDE --- BAGS  
AND BAGS!

OH  
YEAH!

**HA-HA-**  
I GUESS THE  
ALTITUDE GOT  
YOU AT LAST!

SO YOU WOKE  
UP AND IT WAS ALL  
A **BEE-U-TIFUL**  
DREAM!!!

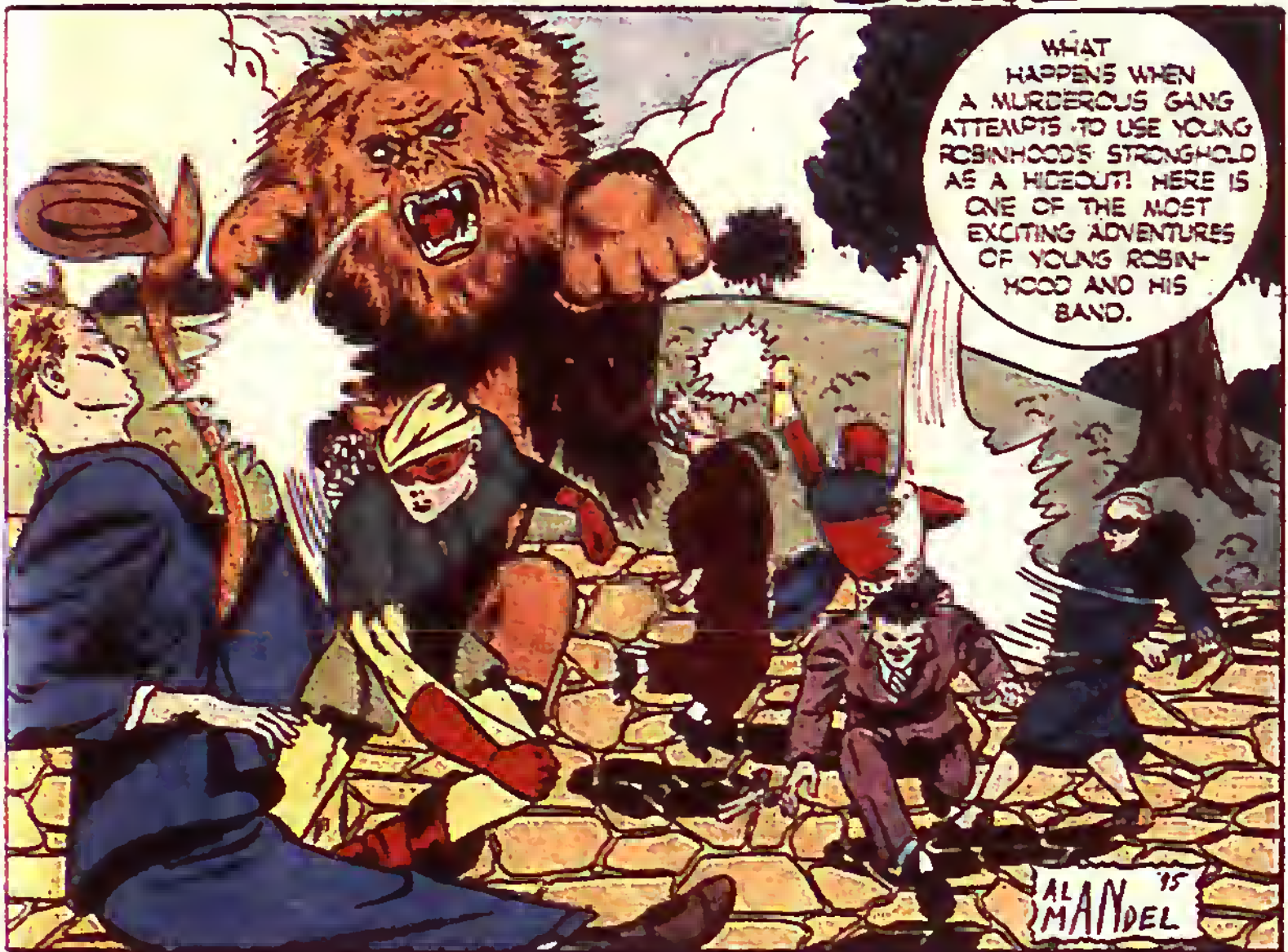


**END**



# YOUNG Robinhoods

and his **BAND**



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MURDEROUS GANG ATTEMPTS TO USE YOUNG ROBINHOODS' STRONGHOLD AS A HIDEOUT! HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES OF YOUNG ROBINHOOD AND HIS BAND.

AL MANDEL '15



WOULDN'T YOU THINK PEOPLE WOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WHERE THEY THROW PAPERS?

YOU BET! ESPECIALLY WITH A PAPER SHORTAGE! SAY, LOOK WHAT IT SAYS!

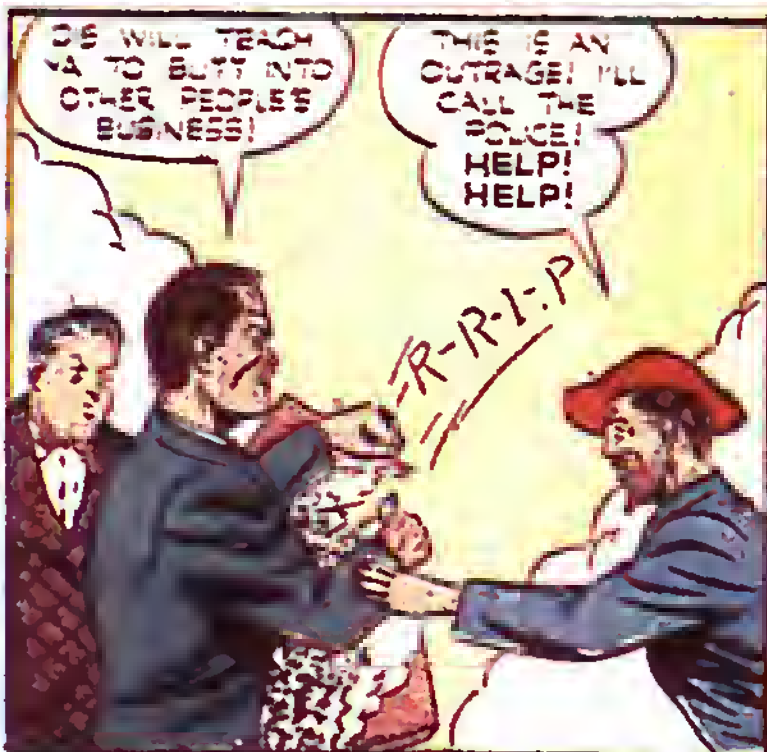


KILLED A GUARD AND ESCAPED! BOY, THAT BLINKY ROSS REALLY IS A FIRST CLASS RAT!

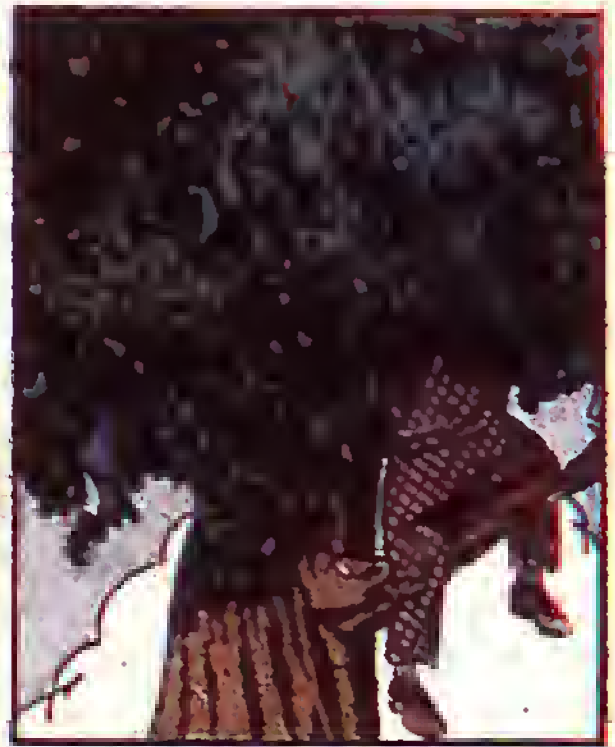
Daily Bugle  
CONDEMNED MURDERER  
ESCAPES



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY SECTION OF CENTRAL PARK...







SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE! LET'S GO, GANG!



GEE, WHO'D WANT TO HURT HIM? ALL HE DOES IS GO AROUND PAINTING!





IT'S BLINKY ROSS! WHY THE LOUSE DIDN'T HAVE TO HURT THIS POOR GUY! WELL, ONE THING--THE COPS WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW HE'S AROUND!



BUNKY, WHY NOT KNOCK 'DEM KIDS OFF BEFORE DEY CAN TIP OFF DA COPS?

SHHH...I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! FOST LET'S FIND ROBIN-HOOD'S HIDEOUT! WE'D BE SAFE THERE! DEN WE KNOCK 'EM OFF!



I HOPE PETER WILL GET WELL AT THE HOSPITAL! THEN HE'LL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THE OTHERS WITH BLINKY!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE A CRACK AT THOSE FELLOWS! I KINDA HOPE WE CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE THE COPS DO!



KEEP FAR ENOUGH AWAY THAT THEY WON'T NOTICE--BUT DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF 'EM!

OKAY, OKAY, BUT I STILL THINK WE OUGHTA HAVE BUMPED 'EM OFF BEFORE!



THEY'VE DISAPPEARED! BUT HOW COULD THEY...

I KNEW WE SHOULDA' KILLED 'EM WHEN WE COULD!

SHUDDUP! I GOT AN IDEA WE'LL FIND DAT PLACE AND KNOCK 'EM OFF!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

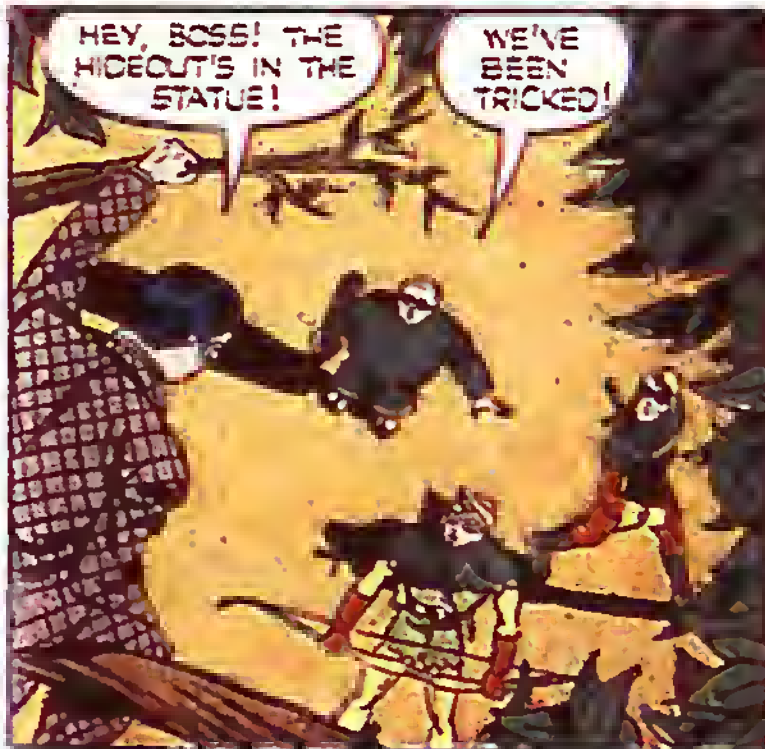
NOW LIETEN, FROGFACE, YOU HIDE IN THIS TREE AND WATCH WHERE THOSE KIDS COME FROM WHEN I START YELLIN' FOR HELP!



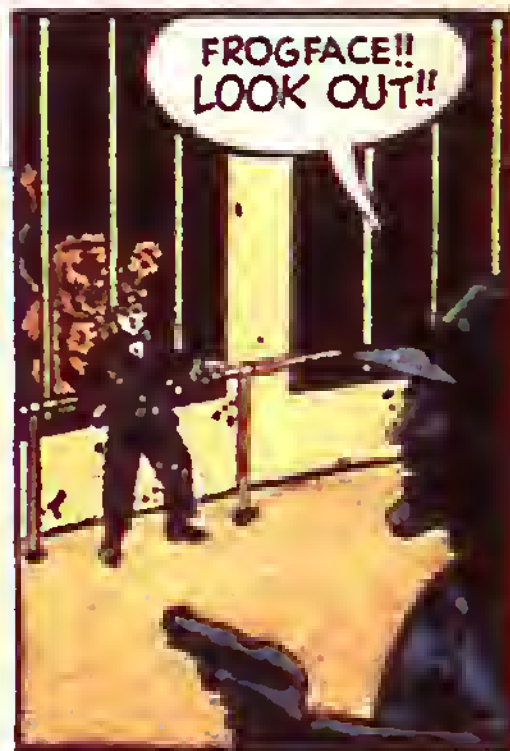
OKAY NOW! MAKE YER ACT GOOD! PRETEND YER REALLY STICKIN' ME UP! HELP!! HELP!!













# LITTLE DYNAMITE

IF I EVER FIND  
OUT WHO DONE  
DIS I'LL KNOCK  
HIS BLOCK OFF!  
DAT'S WHAT!



## LITTLE DYNAMITE PLAYS CURID

YESSIR HE REALLY  
DOES! OF COURSE  
HE'S A TOUGH  
TWO FISTED  
FIGHTING CUPID--  
BUT IT WORKS  
AND THAT'S WHAT  
COUNTS!



DAT SHOW AINT BAD  
FELLERS, BUT IT  
NEEDS A DAME IN  
IT. TA GIVE IT SOME  
JIVE-- BETTY OHARA!  
DATS DA BABE WHAT,  
COULD FILL DA BILL!

AW! SHE'S RUNNIN'  
AROUND WITH THAT  
RAT FERRET,  
WHO RUNS  
THE "HOT  
SHOT" NIGHT  
CLUB--

YA KIDDEN--SHE'S  
PAT BRIEN'S DAME!  
YOU REMEMBER--  
DA GOOD LOOKIN'  
COPPER WHAT JOINED  
DA ARMY LAST YEAR--

LOOKIT THERE'S BETTY  
OHARA NOW AND LIKE  
I SAID, WITH FERRET!

LETS GO ASK  
IF SHE'LL COME  
TO THE HOSPITAL  
WIT US I'LL  
BETCHA SHE  
WILL...

WELL SHE'S TWO  
TIMIN' HIM NOW!  
SHE'S EVEN GIVEN  
UP HER DEFENSE  
JOB TO SING AT  
THE "HOT SHOT"--





-AND SO WE WONDERED IF YOU'D COME W- US TO DA SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL AN SINE ?

OK, OK. I GET IT! ONLY WHATCHA GONNA TELL DAT BRIEN WHEN HE COMES BACK

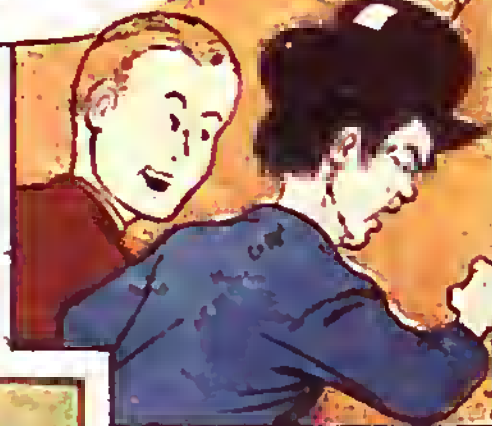
GEE DAMES IS FUNNY! SAY DYNAMITE. I JUST THOUGHT. HOW DO YOU KNOW DEY WANT US TO PERFORM AT THE HOS- PITAL ?

I'D LIKE TO DYNAMITE BUT -UH -ER...

STOW IT KIDS! MISS O'HARA HAS MORE IM- PORTANT THINGS TA DO THAN FOOL AROUND WIT YOU KIDS!

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS - BUT IT JUST HAPPENS I HAVENT HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE WENT OVER- SEAS! HE'S PROBABLY SO BUSY WITH FRENCH GIRLS HE CANT WRITE! I'M THROUGH WITH HIM...

LEAVE ME DO THE WORRYIN' IT'LL BE O.K.!



IT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU TO ENTERTAIN BUT SHOWS MUST FIRST BE AUTHORIZED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS- NOW IF YOU WILL FILL OUT THIS FORM...

AW EXID IT LADY- FERGIT IT.



YA SHOULDA ASKED BEFORE YA MADE US DO ALL DAT REHEARSIN'

WHAT SILLY RULES DEY GOT!

SHUDDUP! I'M THINKIN'!



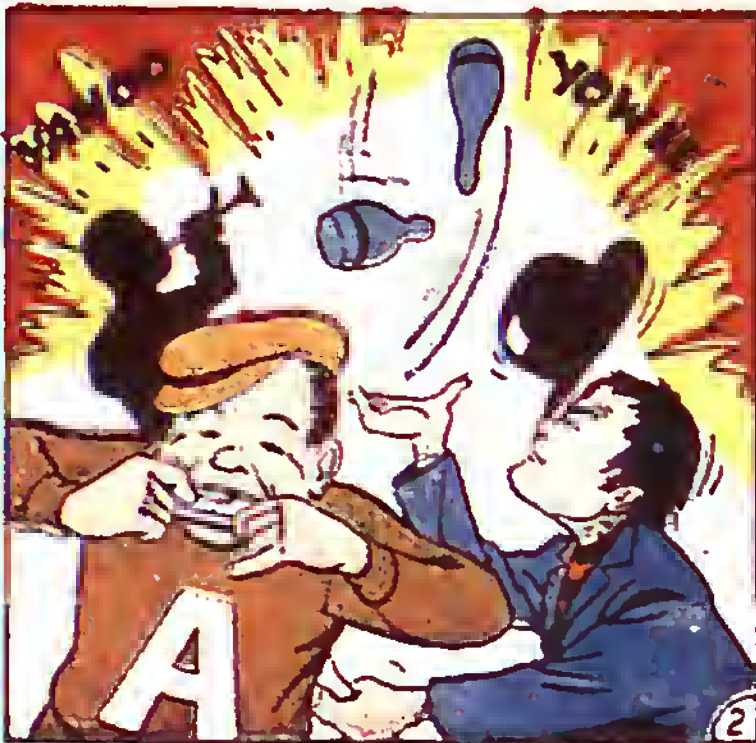
DSSST - C'MON! HERE'S WHERE WE GIVE OUR PERFORM- MANCE -

BUT!



W- YA FELLERS! WE COME TO ENTERTAIN YA!

SWELL-GO TO IT!







STOP THEM -  
! TOLD THOSE  
BOYS THEY  
SHOULDN'T...

SHH-H-  
THE  
PATIENTS  
ARE  
EATING IT  
UP...



THAT WAS SWELL! I  
WISH YOU BOYS WOULD  
GIVE A PERFORMANCE  
TO ANOTHER PATIENT!  
WE CAN'T GET HIM TO  
TAKE AN INTEREST IN  
THINGS...

SURE THING!  
C'MON FELLERS!



HI, SOLDIER!  
THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE  
SOME... WHY!  
IT'S... IT'S...



DAK BRIEN! HOLY  
MACKEREL! HI KID!  
HEY, WHAT'S A IDEA  
OF NOT LETTIN'  
BETTY KNOW YER  
HERE?

WELL I'LL BE!  
DYNAMITE AND  
HIS GANG TURNED  
GOOD SAMARITAN-

WHAT FOR? WHAT WOULD  
SHE WANT WITH A CRIPPLE?  
BESIDES I SEE IN THE  
GOSSIP COLUMN SHE'S  
RUNNIN' AROUND  
WITH SOME BIG  
SHOT NIGHT  
CLUB BUY!



SURE! OH SURE! I'M -  
TIRE OF HEARIN' ABOUT IT!  
YOU JUST MIND YOUR OWN BUS-  
INESS ABOUT ME N' BETTY I DON'T  
WANT HER TO KNOW I'M BACK..



BIG SHOT! DAT BUM FERRET! WHY  
HE'S JUST A CROOK! AN AS FER  
YOU BEIN' A CRIPPLE-YER CRAZY!  
SURE IT'S TOUGH YA GOT NO  
ARM BUT DESE M.D. FELLERS C'N  
DO MIRACLES.



NUTS! BETTY AND DAT USED  
TO BE CRAZY ABOUT EACH  
OTHER! I BETCHA DEY STILL  
ARE, IF ONLY I COULD PROVE  
DAT LOUSE FERRET  
IS CROOKED...



H'MM, DISHWASHER WANTED!  
SAY DAT MIGHT GIMME A  
CHANCE TA GET DA LOWDOWN  
ON FERRET...



HOLY COW! I AINT NEVER SEEN SO MUCH STEAK, ROAST BEEF AND STUFF! DERES AINT NO MEAT SHORTAGE IN DIS JOINT!

AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. YOU JEST WASH DISHES AN FERGET WHAT YA SEE!

OKAY FELLER. YA CAN QUIT FER DA NIGHT—

THE BOYS ARE STICKING UP A MEAT TRUCK ON THE POST ROAD TOMORR NIGHT AROUND 2 A.M. BE AROUND TO HELP UNLOAD...

TANKS!

I'LL DUCK IN DAT CLOSET AN' SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!

OKAY!

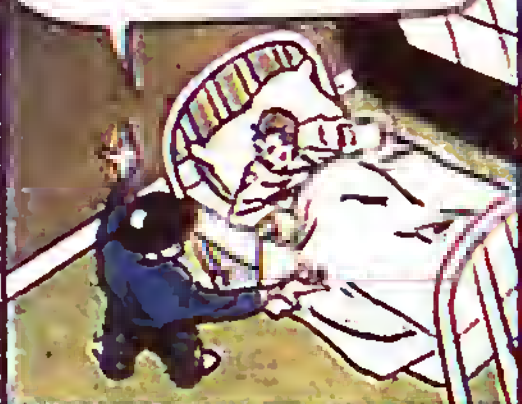


### NEXT AM AT THE HOSPITAL

WERE GONNA TRAP SOME BLACK MARKET CHISELERS AND I NEED A FELLER TA DRIVE TH' TRUCK...

TOO BAD YER CRIPPLED! WIT ALL YER EXPERIENCE AS A COP AN' SOLDIER YOU'D BE JUST DA GUY EXCEPT FER DAT BUM ARM—

LOOKIT—I KNOW IT'S AGAINST REGULATIONS BUT YOU WANTA CURE HIM, DONTCHA? I GOT HIM INTERESTED IN SOMETHIN' DIS MAY BE DA TOININ' POINT IN HIS LIFE!



WHY YOU LITTLE RUNT! I'M STILL TWICE AS TOUGH AS YOU! TELL THE NURSE TO BRING IN MY CLOTHES!

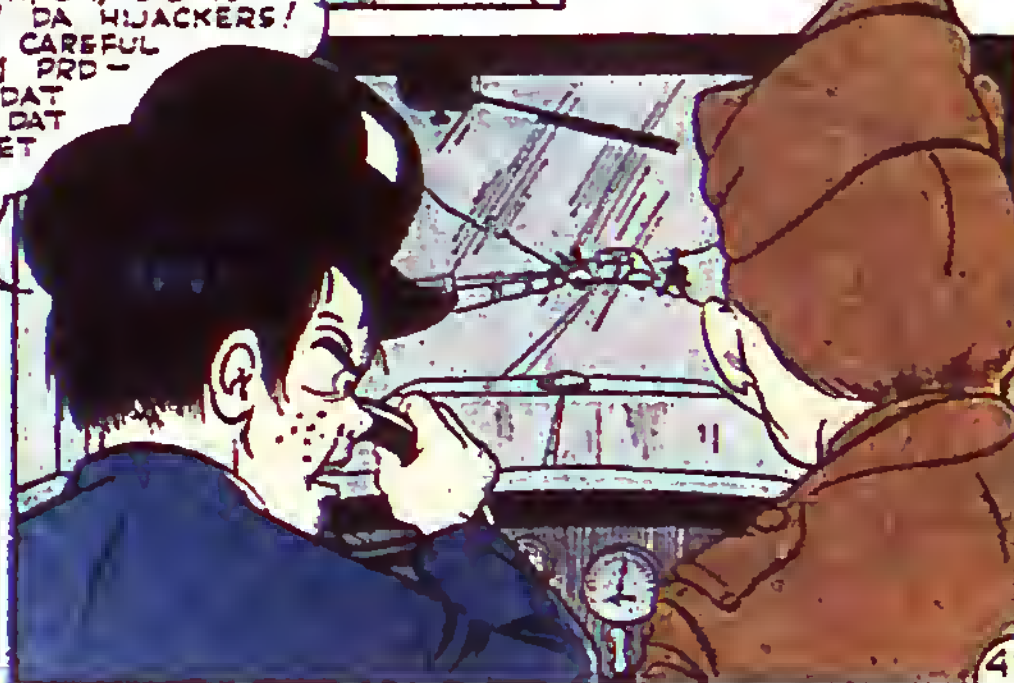
OKAY—YOU WIN! BUT REMEMBER YOU PROMISED IT WILL BE A NICE QUIET EVENING...



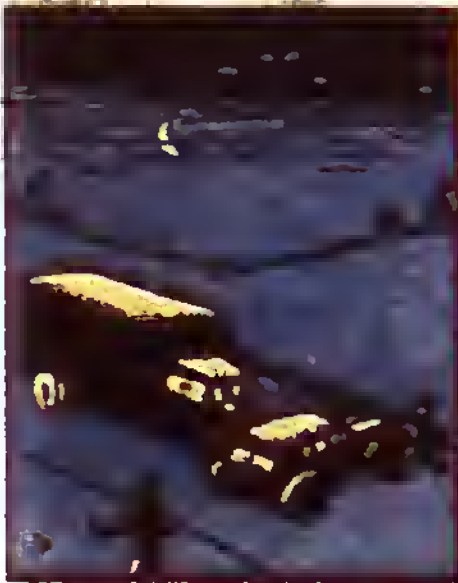
YOU SURE TALKED FAST TO GET THE MEAT COMPANY TO TURN OVER THIS TRUCK TO US...

DERES NUTHIN TO IT! I HOPE MY GANG DONT FREEZE BACK DERE! WHEN DEM TOUGH APPLES AT DA HOT SHOT BEGIN TA UNLOAD DEY'LL GET A SURPRISE!

OH, OH, DIS IS 'ACT 2! DA HUACKERS! NOW BE CAREFUL CAUSE I PRD—MISED DAT NURSE DAT YOU'D GET BACK O.K.!!







OKAY YOUSE  
HUGS IT'S  
A STICK-UP!

YEAH, C'MON-  
GET OUTA  
DERE!

OK, BUD! YOU  
ASKED FOR  
IT...



WHASSA MATTER / CANT  
YA TAKE IT?



DAT WAS NICE WORK!  
YER OK ARENTCHAP?  
DAT NURSE'LL MORDER  
ME IF YOU GET HOT.

IM OKAY-LET'S  
GET THESE GUYS  
IN THE TRUCK



S-S-SURE  
AN THEN LET'S  
GET O-GOIN!  
IT'S FREEZIN' BACK  
HERE / WE'LL BE  
ICICLES BEFORE  
WE GET TO TH  
'HOT SHOT?

HERE PEANUTS,  
BUNDLE DESE  
BUMS UP!

THERE'S THE HOT  
SHOT UP AHEAD  
AN THE GARAGE  
DOORS OPEN--

WILL DEN BUMS  
BE SURPRISED--  
OH, OH, DAT'S,  
FERRET OUT  
IN FRONT!

WHAT'S TH' BIG  
IDEA? WE AN'T  
GOT ALL NIGHT--  
YER LATE...







GET THAT MEAT UN-  
LOADED, AN' FAST! HEY,  
YOU TWO IN THE CAB  
GET OUT AN' HELP!



WHAT  
THE--!



NUTTEN LIKE  
A GOOD  
FIGHT...

YAH! JUST  
WHAT I NEED!  
EXERCISE!



I'LL GETCHA--!  
YA LITTLE  
PUNKS...



SO YOU'RE THE BIG  
SHOT! TRY SOME  
OF THIS G.I.  
MEDICINE!



BOY! THAT WAS REALLY  
FUN! GUESS WE'D  
BETTER CALL THE  
COPS IN TO TAKE  
OVER FROM HERE!

YEAH! AN  
THEN I  
GOTTA GIT  
YA BACK  
TO DA HOS-  
PITAL OR DAT  
NURSE'LL BE  
SORE AS A  
BOIL!



# DAILY BUGLE

- EXTRA! -

PAT BRIEN, WOUNDED  
G.I., CLEANS UP BIG  
BLACK MARKET  
GANG! WILL  
RECEIVE POSITION  
AS DETECTIVE  
UPON RECEIVING  
DISCHARGE!



THE BIG DOPE! WHY  
DIDN'T HE SAY HE  
WAS WOUNDED! NOW  
IF I GO SEE HIM  
HE'LL THINK IT'S  
BECAUSE HE'S A  
HERO...

YA DOPE HE'S NUTS  
ABOUT CHA! AN YER  
GONNA GO SEE HIM  
IF I HAFTA CARRY  
YA!



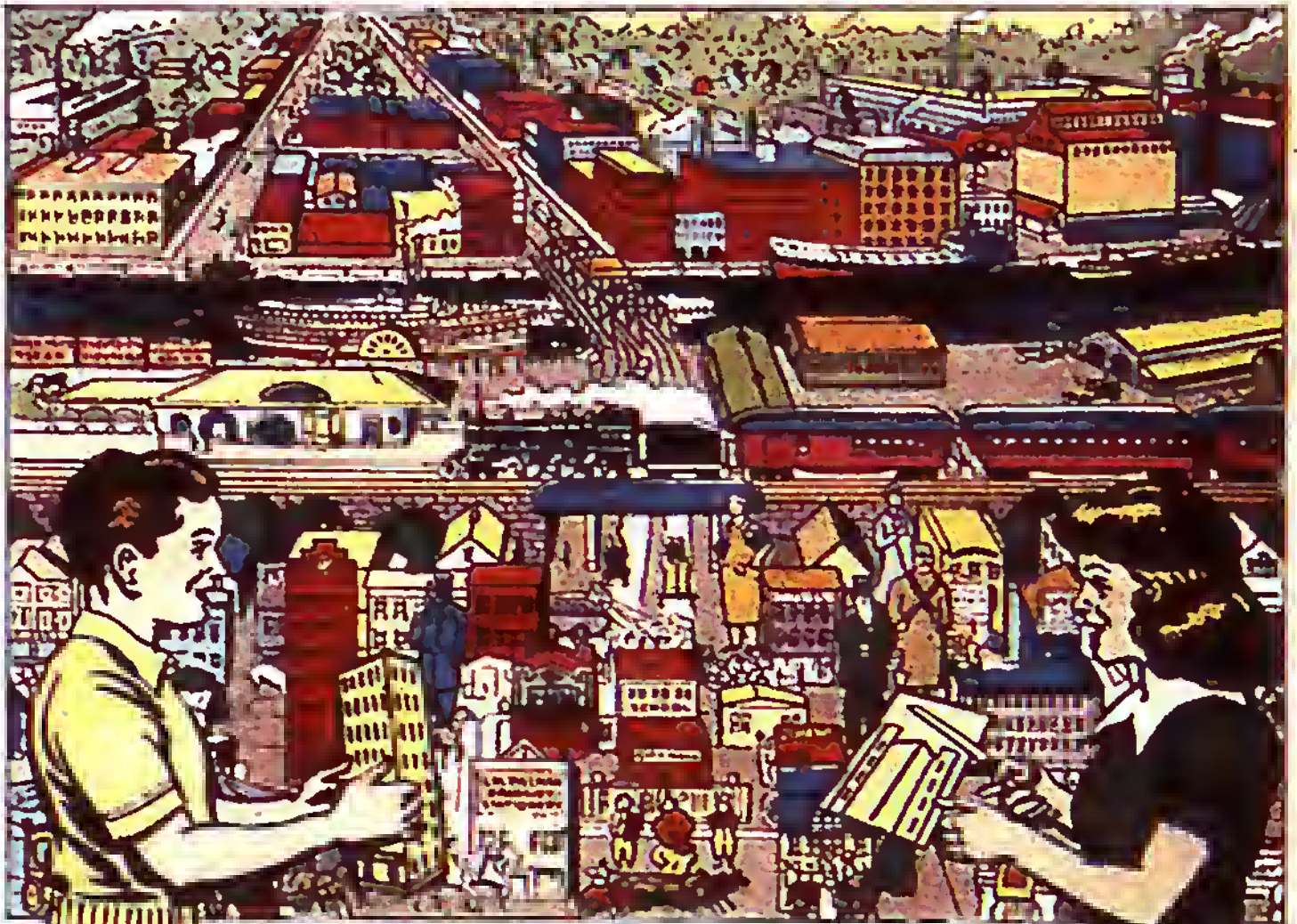
YOU-YOU CUPID! I SHOULD  
GIVE YOU THE DEVIL FOR  
RISKING MY PATIENT'S NECK.  
BUT IT DID WORK! YOU'RE  
A GOOD BOY, DYNAMITE!

OH BOY-  
AIN'T LOVE  
GRAND!!









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## BUILDINGS

[illegible]

१९७१ म०

1942a House  
 Upper House  
 View of 6717  
 Street from  
 Top  
 Left

## CLAYTS

Fellow 1967  
 New York  
 Baker  
 Professor  
 Fellow  
 City of  
 Chicago

[illegible]

**CINCE**  
Sole  
Band Wagon  
Bicycle  
Wagon  
Baby  
Cradle

**Background:**

Fisher  
 Seymour  
 Temple  
 Cunningham  
 Miller  
 Lady Webb  
 Stewart  
 Miller  
 Peters  
 Clarke, Test  
 Fitch  
 Manning  
 Miller  
 Manning  
 Manning  
 and Fitch  
 Fitch  
 Fitch and  
 Fitch

Figure 1

**ACCESS-  
ZONE'S**



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Accompanied  
Street Car  
Jacks and  
Ladder  
Fire Engine  
Fire Chief  
& Co.  
Company  
Wagon  
T-101



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